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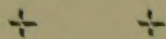
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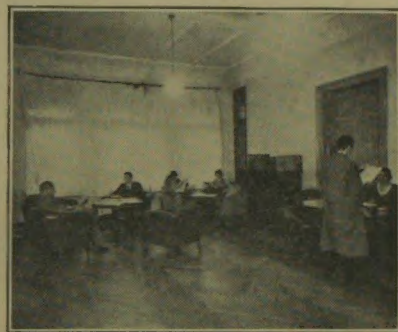
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"OH, STAY THY HANDS! I LOVE YOU!" Josephine (Miss Mabel Dainton) repels her love for Ralph (Mr. Charles Goddard). On right, Sir Joseph (Mr. J. B. Burrows) and Sir Henry (Mr. J. B. Burrows).



"I WILL HEAR OF NO DEFENCE!" Sir Joseph (Mr. J. B. Burrows) and Sir Henry (Mr. J. B. Burrows).

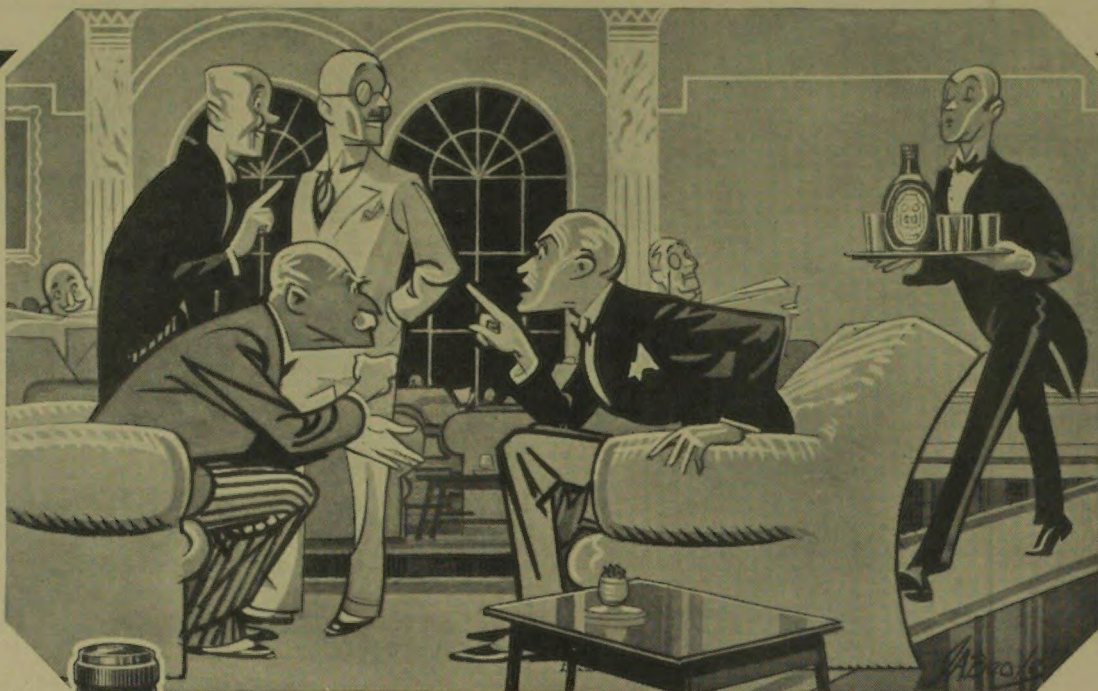


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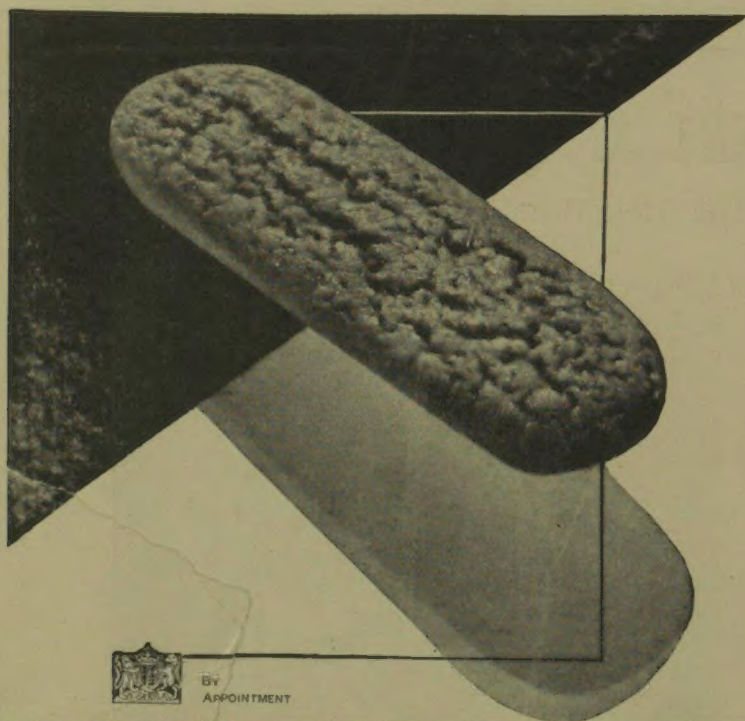


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SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1933.



THE WONDERS OF THE TUTANKHAMEN SHRINES REVEALED: "A PHASE OF THE SUN."

Here is seen part of the exquisite decoration, in figures and texts, outside the second of the four nested shrines which enclosed the sarcophagus containing the mummy of Tutankhamen. All four shrines, removed from the tomb, have recently been erected, side by side, in the Cairo Museum, where everyone may admire their beauty and splendour. The first photographs of them, as displayed, appear elsewhere in this number, and the position

of the above detail can be traced in an illustration on page 5. Mr. Howard Carter (co-discoverer of the tomb with the late Earl of Carnarvon) says in his book, "The Tomb of Tutankhamen": "The (second) shrine, dazzling from the brilliance of its gold, was decorated with scenes, wrought in beautiful incised relief, from the book 'Of that which is in the Underworld'—that guide to the Hereafter."

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED. (SEE ALSO PAGES 4-5 AND 7.)

THE SEQUENCE OF TUTANKHAMEN'S GOLDEN SHRINES SHOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME: EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS.

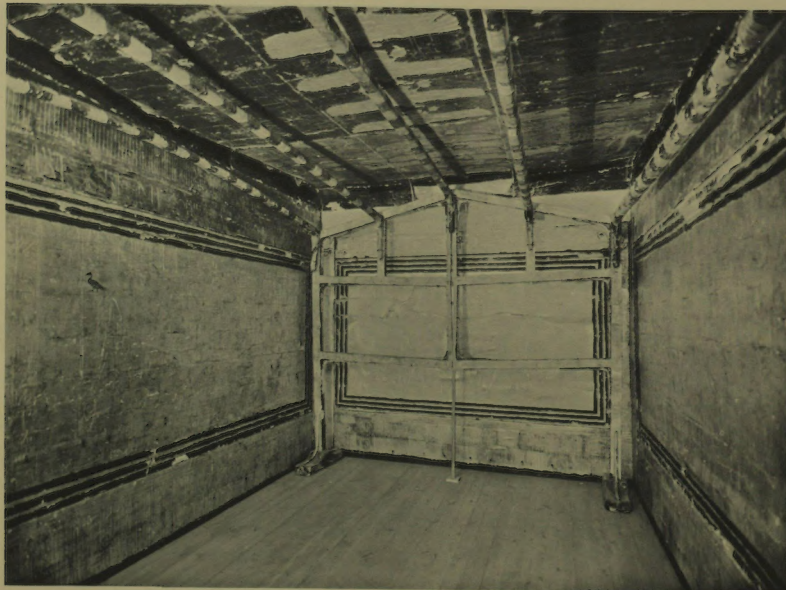
EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED. (SEE ALSO FRONT PAGE AND PAGE 7.)

AS our readers are aware, the treasures of Tutankhamen's Tomb have been profusely illustrated in our pages, from time to time, as each of them came to light. We now show (here and on page 7) the four golden shrines which enclosed the sarcophagus, as they have lately been revealed in all their splendour, and made universally accessible, in the Museum at Cairo. In the sepulchre itself, the four shrines were found nested one within another, the sarcophagus containing the young king's mummified body being inside the fourth and innermost shrine. In the Museum, however, they are placed separately side by side, so that all their details are clearly visible. Each is

(Continued below on right.)



THE FIRST, OR OUTERMOST, GOLDEN SHRINE, WHICH CONTAINED THE OTHER THREE NESTED ONE WITHIN ANOTHER, AS IT NOW APPEARS DISPLAYED IN THE CAIRO MUSEUM: THE DOORS OPEN TO SHOW THE FRAMEWORK THAT SUPPORTED THE PALL OVER THE SECOND SHRINE. (DIMENSIONS—15 FT. 6 IN. LONG BY 10 FT. 10 IN. WIDE AND 9 FT. HIGH.)



THE INTERIOR OF THE FIRST OR OUTERMOST SHRINE, WITHIN WHICH WERE NESTED THE THREE OTHERS, THE INNERMOST ONE ENCLOSED THE SARCOPHAGUS THAT CONTAINED TUTANKHAMEN'S MUMMIFIED BODY: A VIEW SHOWING THE REST OF THE FRAMEWORK THAT SUPPORTED THE LINEN PALL FOUND HUNG OVER THE SECOND SHRINE.

of oak and coniferous wood covered with gesso and overlaid with sheet gold bearing exquisite decoration. Specimens certain of the wood used in making the shrines have been examined by the Imperial Forestry Institute, which recently announced its results. The wood was found to be in a perfect state of preservation, owing to its having remained absolutely dry for over 3000 years. The pieces examined proved to be of two kinds—cedar, presumably imported into Egypt from Palestine, and Zizyphus wood, which suggests intercourse between Egypt and the region of the Upper Nile. A full description of the shrines is given by Mr. Howard



"AT THE EASTERN END OF THE SHRINE WERE TWO MASSIVE FOLDING DOORS, THEIR PANELS DECORATED WITH . . . HEADLESS DEMON GUARDIANS OF THE CAVERNS OF THE UNDERWORLD": THE NORTH SIDE OF THE OUTER SHRINE, WITH INLAID PANELS OF BLUE FAIENCE REPEATING MAGIC SYMBOLS INTENDED TO ENSURE SECURITY.



THE SECOND OF THE FOUR SHRINES (EXHIBITED SEPARATELY) IN CAIRO MUSEUM: A STRUCTURE "DAZZLING FROM THE BRILLIANCE OF ITS GOLD" AND DECORATED WITH SCENES FROM THE "BOOK OF THE UNDERWORLD," INCLUDING (CENTRE OF LEFT SIDE) THAT ILLUSTRATED ON OUR FRONT PAGE. (DIMENSIONS—12 FT. 6 IN. BY 8 FT. 11 IN.)

bore the name of Tutankhamen and a recumbent jackal over Egypt's nine foes. Above the shrine drooped a linen pall. This bespangled linen pall, brown with age, still hanging on its curious wooden supports, was rent by the weight of the gilt bronze marguerites sewn to its fabric." The unbroken seal on the doors proved that what lay within had never been disturbed by robbers. "Henceforth we knew," writes Mr. Carter, "that we should be dealing with material untouched and unharmed since the boy-king was laid to rest nearly 3300 years ago." Detail of the decoration on this second shrine is illustrated on our front page, and on page 7 are seen the third and fourth shrines found nested inside the second.

Carter, co-discoverer of the tomb with the late Earl of Carnarvon, in his book, "The Tomb of Tutankhamen" (2 volumes). Describing the first, or outermost, shrine, he says: "From top to bottom it was overlaid with gold, and upon its sides there were inlaid panels of blue faience in which were represented, repeated over and over, the magic symbols which would ensure its strength and safety. . . . When we drew back the ebony bolts of the great shrine, the doors swung back as if only closed yesterday, and revealed within yet another shrine, in type like the first, save for the blue inlay. It has similar bolted doors, but upon them was a seal intact, which

(Continued above on right.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IF the modern man is indeed the heir of all the ages, he is often the kind of heir who tells the family solicitor to sell the whole damned estate, lock, stock, and barrel, and give him a little ready money to throw away at the races or the night-clubs. He is certainly not the kind of heir who ever visits his estate: and, if he really owns all the historic lands of ancient and modern history, he is a very absentee landlord. He does not really go down the mines on the historic property, whether they are the Caves of the Cave-Men or the Catacombs of the Christians, but is content with a very hasty and often misleading report from a very superficial and sometimes dishonest mining expert. He allows any wild theories, like wild thickets of thorn and briar, to grow all over the garden and even the graveyard. He will always believe modern testimony in a text-book against contemporary testimony on a tombstone. He sells the family portraits with much more than the carelessness of Charles Surface, and seldom even knows enough about the family even to save a favourite uncle from the wreck. For the adjective "fast," which was a condemnation when applied to profligates, has become a compliment when applied to progressives. I know there are any number of men in the modern world to whom all this does not in the least apply; but the point is that, even where it is obviously applicable, it is not thought particularly culpable. Nevertheless, there are some of us who do hold that the metaphor of inheritance from human history is a true metaphor, and that any man who is cut off from the past, and content with the future, is a man most unjustly disinherited; and all the more unjustly if he is happy in his lot, and is not permitted even to know what he has lost. And I, for one, believe that the mind of man is at its largest, and especially at its broadest, when it feels the brotherhood of humanity linking it up with remote and primitive and even barbaric things.

Mr. Christopher Dawson has written studies of historic and prehistoric problems which have been admired by men distinguished in every way, and especially distinguished from each other. His work has been most warmly praised by critics as different as Dean Inge and Mr. Aldous Huxley and the Rev. C. C. Martindale. But I, for one, value his researches for one particular reason above the rest: that he has given the first tolerably clear and convincing account of the real stages of what his less lucid predecessors loved to call the Evolution of Religion. Whether myths and mystical cults were really evolved along one consistent line, I do not know. But theories about mythology or cults or mysteries were most certainly not evolved along any consistent line. They cut across each other and almost immediately became a tangle of contradictions. First we had the Sun Myth illuminating everything like the sun, and enabling Bishop Whately to prove that Napoleon was a mythical character. Then we had Herbert Spencer and Grant Allen, who said that everything came from ghosts and graves and the worship of ancestors; and then Professor Frazer, who (with all his genius) could not see the sacred tree for the golden bough. Now, whatever else be true of these theories of evolution, they are not evolved. The grave does not grow out of the sun; nor even the oak out of the grave; and on no possible theory is Frazer a development of Spencer. They are contrary guesses; and if there is evidence for all of them (as no doubt there is), the evidence only increases the confusion. Mr. Dawson has ordered the confusion without contradicting the evidence; and his conclusion is that there were, broadly, four stages in the spiritual story of humanity.

The first notion, with which the lowest and most primitive savages seem to have begun, was very like the notion with which many of our Higher Thinkers hope that all humanity will end. It was a broad belief in what is now called "the spiritual element in life"; in a spirit almost impersonal but still superior to our material minds; of which we may gain encouraging glimpses and visions. This is the stage of the Shaman, or medicine-man, who, as an independent individual mystic, can tap the vast and vague supernatural power that pervades the world. By special magic rites, with special material objects, herbs or stones or what not, he could release the

mysterious force. For note that this is not pantheism; the sacred tree is hidden in the wood or the dryad is imprisoned in the tree. Now I could not be content with this magic, whether or no it would suit the Higher Thinkers. But I have no sympathy with a man who has no sympathy with this magic; I count no man large-minded or imaginative who has not sometimes felt like a medicine-man. It is quite natural to me, walking in the woods, to wonder fancifully whether whistling back the note of a certain bird, or tasting the juice of a certain berry, would release a glamour or give back a fairyland. I call that being the heir of all the ages.

The second stage is that of the static archaic culture, in which a whole people live a ritual life, generally founded on the seasons of seed or harvest, in which there is no distinction between sacred and profane, because ploughing or fishing are religious forms; and no distinction between king and priest, because the Sacred Emperor rules the whole round of ritual life like a god. China and Egypt and other cultures were of that sort. Here again, I should be dissatisfied with a religion that was a pageant of nature; for I feel the soul, in Sir Thomas Browne's noble phrase, as something other than the elements, that owes no homage unto the sun. But I am much more dissatisfied with a man, pretending to be a man of culture, who merely despises that ritual. I can never see the pageant of harvest without feeling that it is religious, and it gratifies me to think that I am feeling like the first Emperor of China. I call that being the heir of all the ages.

The third phase described is the rise of the world religions, the moral and universal religions; for Buddha and Confucius and the Hebrew Prophets and the first Greek philosophers appeared roughly about the same time. And with them appeared the idea expressed in Sir Thomas Browne's phrase: that the soul is greater than the sun. Henceforth the conscience is more than the cosmos. Either it condemns the cosmos, or ignores the cosmos, as in Buddhism; or it gives it a mystical meaning, as in Platonism; or it sees it as an instrument for producing a grander good, as in Judaism and Christianity. Now I do not myself care about the Buddhist extreme, which almost unmakes the world to make the soul. I do not like Nirvana, which seems indistinguishable from death. But I would not be seen dead in a field, not in the field of any paradise, negative or positive, with the man who has no admiration for the superb renunciation of Buddha, or for the Western equivalent, the star-defying despair of the Stoics. No man has really been alive who has not some time felt that the skies might fall, so that the justice within his conscience should be done; and in the richer tapestry of the Christian there is also a dark thread of the Stoic. I call that being the heir of all the ages.

I will not complete the four phases here, because the last deals with the more controversial question of the Christian system. I merely use them as a convenient classification to illustrate a neglected truth: that a complete human being ought to have all these things stratified in him, so long as they are in the right order of importance, and that man should be a prince looking from the pinnacle of a tower built by his fathers, and not a contemptuous cad, perpetually kicking down the ladders by which he climbed.



THE MAN OF THE MOMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA: MR. TIELMAN ROOS, WHO SUDDENLY RE-ENTERED POLITICS, HOPING TO FORM A COALITION FOR CURRENCY REFORM AND THE EXTINCTION OF RACIALISM.

Mr. Tielman Roos, formerly Minister of Justice in South Africa and a strong Nationalist, for years General Hertzog's principal lieutenant, recently declared himself as an opponent of his old leader and as the apostle of Anglo-Dutch reconciliation. He accordingly resigned his position as a Judge of the Supreme Court to form a Coalition pledged to the devaluation of the currency and the extinction of racialism. The coalition, it was reported, would comprise members both of the Nationalist Party and of the South African Party led by General Smuts, who welcomed the movement, but no member of the present Cabinet would be included in the new Ministry if the plan succeeded. Mr. Roos, who has since expressed disagreement with General Smuts, has been described as the most potent influence in South African politics to-day. He has for some years been tending towards his present attitude. After the Imperial Conference of 1926 he demanded the deletion of the Article in the Nationalist Party's constitution stating its ultimate aim to be a republic. Again, in the flag controversy of 1927, he obtained concessions to British feeling, and it was largely through his action that the Union Jack still flies jointly with the national flag on public buildings in Durban and the British centres. Before leaving politics for the Bench, he suggested that, if his extremist colleagues were not satisfied with South Africa's status, they might prefer a King of their own, chosen from the English Royal Family. Mr. Roos is a popular figure in the clubs of Pretoria and the Cape.

TUTANKHAMEN SHRINES REVEALED: THE INNER TWO OF A 4-FOLD "NEST."

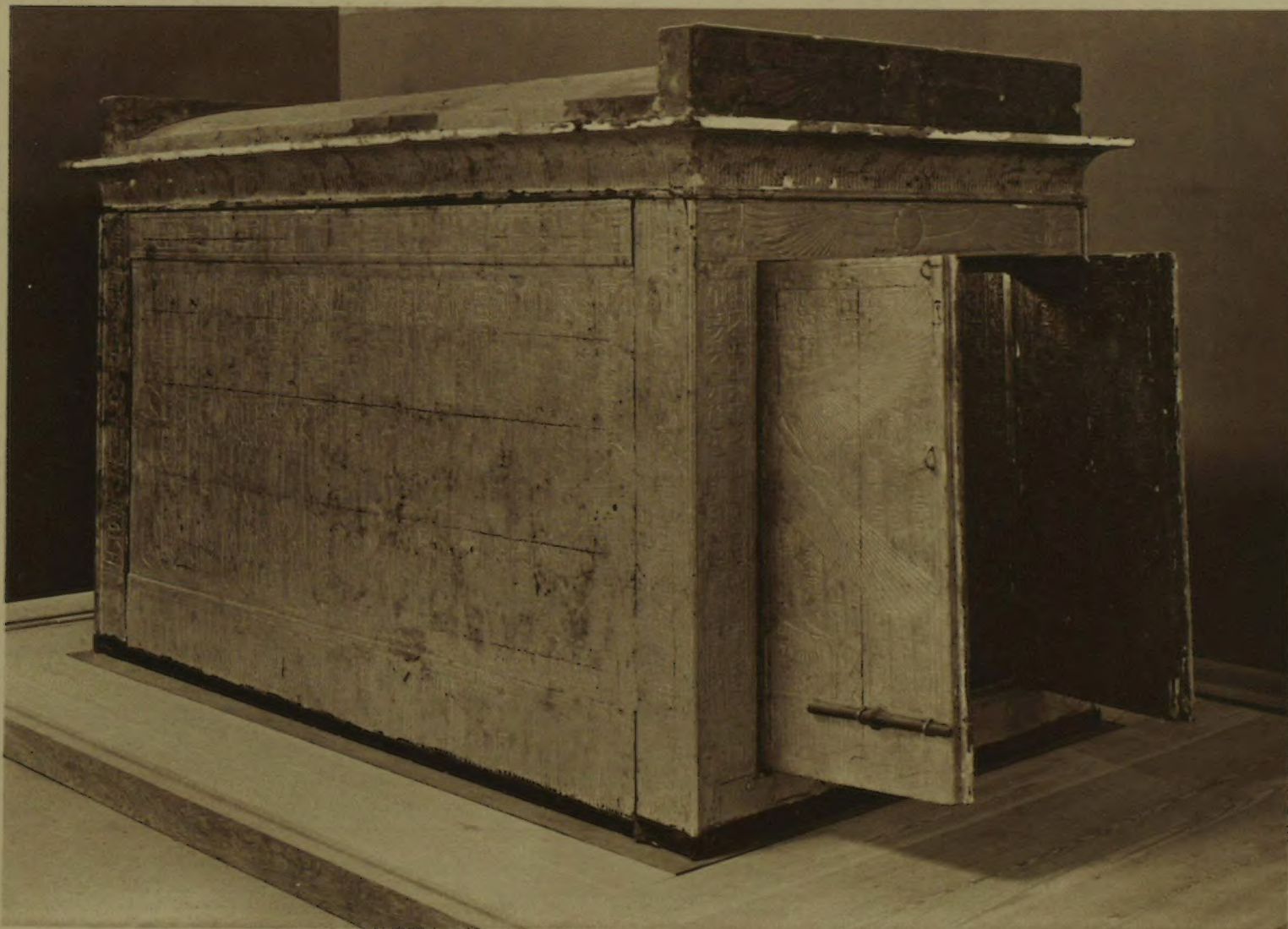
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AS noted on a previous page, every visitor to Cairo can now see in their full splendour (among other treasures from Tutankhamen's Tomb) the four golden shrines which were found nested one within another, the innermost one enclosing the sarcophagus, and are now exhibited separately in the Museum. The two outer shrines are illustrated on pages 4 and 5; the third (seen in the upper photograph above) was found inside the second, and the fourth inside the third. In his book already quoted, Mr. Howard Carter describes vividly the scene when he first opened them in the tomb. "Those folding doors (of the second shrine), when swung back, revealed yet a third shrine, also sealed and intact. . . . It was an exciting moment. We were to witness a spectacle such as

[Continued below on right.



THE THIRD OF THE FOUR GOLDEN SHRINES (FOUND NESTED ONE WITHIN ANOTHER IN TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB) AS NOW DISPLAYED SEPARATELY IN CAIRO MUSEUM: A GOLDEN STRUCTURE DECORATED THROUGHOUT WITH SCENES AND TEXTS FROM THE "BOOK OF THE UNDERWORLD" AND THE "DESTRUCTION OF MANKIND." (DIMENSIONS—11 FT. BY 6 FT. 9 IN.)



no other man in our times has been privileged to see. With suppressed excitement I carefully cut the cord, removed that precious seal, drew back the bolts, and opened the doors, when a fourth shrine was revealed, similar in design and even more brilliant in workmanship. The decisive moment was at hand! An indescribable moment for an archaeologist! What was beneath, and what did that fourth shrine contain? With intense excitement I drew back the bolts of the last and unsealed doors; they slowly swung open, and there, filling the entire area within, effectually barring any further progress, stood an immense yellow quartzite sarcophagus, intact, with the lid still firmly fixed in its place, just as the pious hands had left it."

THE FOURTH OR INNERMOST SHRINE, WHOSE FOLDING DOORS, WHEN OPENED, REVEALED THE GREAT SARCOPHAGUS CONTAINING THE MUMMY: "A GOLDEN TABERNACLE" DECORATED WITH TEXTS AND, ON THE DOORS, WINGED FIGURES OF GODDESSES. (DIMENSIONS—9 FT. 6½ IN. BY 5 FT. 4 IN.)



LIONS IN THE WILDS EASILY APPROACHED BY MOTOR-CAR AND PHOTOGRAPHED AT SHORT RANGE BY MRS. STEVENSON-HAMILTON: THE BEASTS MILDLY CURIOUS, BUT QUITE FRIENDLY.

EXPLODING THE MYTH OF THE BEASTS EASILY APPROACHED

THE FIRST AND FOURTH PHOTOGRAPHS BY MRS. J. S.

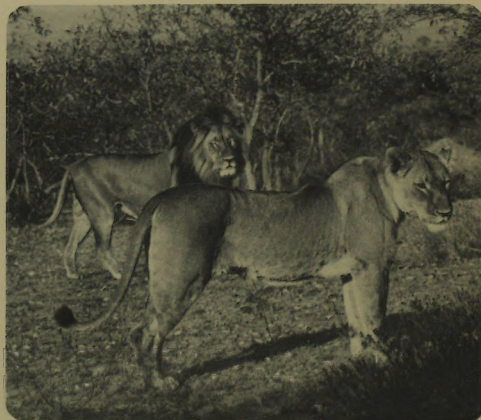


"MOST FRIENDLY AND VERY INQUISITIVE AS FAR AS HUMAN BEINGS ARE CONCERNED": LIONS PHOTOGRAPHED AT SHORT RANGE BY MR. WELLS.



A GREAT BLUFFER WHO MAY DEMONSTRATE TO SEE IF YOU ARE FRIGHTENED.

The age-old story that the lion is a sworn enemy of man, ever ready to spring and maul and crunch, may be read as a myth. If proof were required, such photographs as these would provide it. It is true that the beasts with which we are concerned live in a Reserve, the Kruger National Park, in the Transvaal, but that fact alone does not account for what the Warden calls "the equanimity with which these, as well as other wild animals in the Park, now regard the presence of motor-cars." At least, there is not in the lion the treachery of the tiger or the unchangeableness of the predatory leopard: the tendency would seem to be amicable save under provocation. Let us quote Mr. E. F. V. Wells, of Witbank, who took all the photographs except the first and the fourth, reminding our readers



"IF YOU ARE PERFECTLY QUIET, THEY WILL COME UP TO YOU . . . INDIFFERENT TO YOUR PRESENCE."

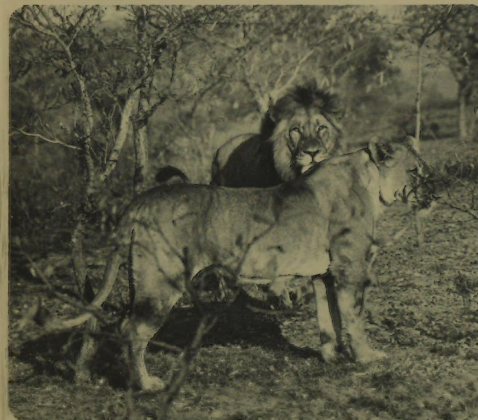
that we gave in our issue of December 19, 1931, pictures of his domesticated "house-lions," and in our issue of May 14, 1932, his pictures of Kruger Park lions undisturbed by motor-cars. He now writes: "The photographs of lions in their wild state I took recently at Pretorius Kop, Kruger National Park, Northern Transvaal. It will be noted that there is very little difference, if any, between lions in the wilds and those domesticated, and my experience, after

FEROCIOUS LION: FRIENDLY WILD BY MOTOR-CAR OR ON FOOT.

STEVENSON-HAMILTON; THE OTHERS BY MR. E. F. V. WELLS.



"THERE IS NEVER ANY DIFFICULTY IN NEARING THEM IF YOU DO SO QUIETLY": PERFECT PROOF OF MR. WELLS'S VERY DEFINITE ASSERTION.



"THERE IS VERY LITTLE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIONS IN THE WILDS AND THOSE DOMESTICATED."

a great deal of time spent in observation of them, has been that lions in their wild state, if undisturbed and not hunted, are most friendly and very inquisitive as far as human beings are concerned. If you are perfectly quiet, they will come up to you and sit around, indifferent to your presence. In no case have my photographs been taken at a greater distance than fifteen feet, and in many cases nearer ten. The maned lion and lioness in one of the photographs were actually



PHOTOGRAPHED WITHOUT RISK FROM A MOTOR-CAR AND AT A DISTANCE OF ONLY FOUR PAGES FROM THE CAMERA: A WILD LION UNCONCERNED BY HUMAN BEINGS OR MACHINE.



MATES—A DEMONSTRATION OF INDIFFERENCE TO HUMAN BEINGS.

mating at the time. On my first approaching, the lion rushed up to me, giving one or two gruff growls; but when he saw that no notice was taken of him he quietly sat down and became quite calm. They are great bluffers and invariably demonstrate to see if you are frightened. Once they are satisfied that you are not running away and that you are harmless, they become friendly. I know this seems rather amazing in view of the general opinion that lions are wild and dangerous beasts, but it is none the less true, and I have found times out of number that, as long as they are not on the move and hunting, there is never any difficulty in nearing them if you do so quietly and take your time, which may run into some hours."

DIFFICULTIES OF AUSTRALIAN SHEEP-FARMING: A QUEENSLAND EXAMPLE.



FIG. 1. A GREAT FLOCK OF SHEEP RETURNING TO HOME PASTURES AFTER FOUR YEARS OF DROUGHT, DURING WHICH THE EXPENSE OF FEEDING THEM AND SHIFTING THEM ABOUT AMOUNTED TO FAR MORE THAN THEIR PRESENT VALUE: A SCENE IN THE GRAZING COUNTRY OF NORTH-WESTERN QUEENSLAND, AFFORDING A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE VAST OPEN PLAINS WITHOUT A SINGLE TREE.



FIG. 2. THE TRAGEDY OF 500 SHEEP LYING DEAD THROUGH EATING TOO FREELY OF LUSH HERBAGE ON EMPTY STOMACHS: SOME OF THE CARCASSES.



FIG. 3. THE OWNER OF THE FARM PLUCKING WOOL FROM ONE OF THE FIVE HUNDRED DEAD SHEEP.

SHEEP-FARMING in Australia has its trials, no less than home agriculture, as shown by these photographs and the following description which reaches us from Queensland. Our correspondent writes: "The vicissitudes of a grazier's life in North-West Queensland are many. The accompanying photographs illustrate one of the troubles with which he has to contend, though it does not often happen. My first photograph (Fig. 1) shows a picture of sheep returning to home pastures after four years of drought, during which they were alternately fed on meal and maize or existed on country where there was some grass. Shifted here, there, and everywhere, they would cost their owner many times their present value. When the drought commenced, these sheep were worth thirty shillings per head, fully woolled. On their return, fat and fully woolled, after all the work and expenses of those years, their value is about four shillings per head. Of course, there was a wool clip each year. This picture also gives a splendid idea of the great open plains without a tree. The object of the next photograph (Fig. 2)

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 4. THE OWNER'S WIFE PACKING WOOL COLLECTED AFTER IT HAD BEEN PLUCKED FROM DEAD SHEEP: WORK IN WHICH SHE WAS HELPED BY A MELBOURNE SOCIETY GIRL VISITING THE FARM.

Continued.]

is to show the tragedy of five hundred of the sheep lying dead, almost in a heap, through eating too freely of lush herbage on empty stomachs. Some were dead in ten to fifteen minutes after they began to stagger, which was the first sign of illness. It was a dreadful blow to the owner, who, next day, collected four willing pairs of hands from neighbouring places and proceeded to pluck the wool off the carcasses. As it was cool weather, they were able to do this work from the second to the fifth day, when luckily they finished. The adjoining illustration (Fig. 3) shows the owner engaged in the task of plucking the wool from a dead sheep. In Fig. 4 is seen the owner's wife, who was assisted by a Melbourne society girl up on a visit, occupied in gathering up and packing the wool. They put it into bales, tramped and pressed it down, and fastened them up. This wool was then carted to the shearing shed, pressed properly, and sent to be scoured. It has just been sold, and it may be added that the price which it fetched was fifteenpence per pound."

FLIGHT IN THE HIMALAYAS: DAY BOMBERS AMID THE SNOWY HEIGHTS.

R.A.F. PHOTOGRAPH. CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED.



R.A.F. MACHINES OVER RAKHOT DURING THE FLIGHT OVER THE HUNZA VALLEY AND MOUNT RAKAPOSHI (25,550 FT.):
A PHOTOGRAPH OF PARTICULAR INTEREST IN VIEW OF THE FORTHCOMING ATTEMPT TO FLY OVER EVEREST.

In view of the forthcoming attempt to climb Mount Everest, and, more particularly, of the forthcoming attempt to fly over it, this photograph demands more than usual attention. It was taken in November last during demonstration flights over hitherto inaccessible country in the Himalayas by five day bombers of the R.A.F. under the command of Flight-Lieutenant F. H. Isaac, D.F.C., of No. 2 (India) Wing. The aeroplanes, having reached Gilgit, Kashmir, by way of the Indus Valley and Chilas, took off again and, following the line of the

Hunza River, flew over Mount Rakaposhi (25,550 ft.); in which connection a point to be noted is that Everest, which is some hundreds of miles east of Rakaposhi, reaches a height of 29,140 ft. above sea-level. The machines used were Harts, with Kestrel engines. The airmen were fitted with oxygen equipment, and, when considering the perilous nature of their task, it must be recalled that much of the territory over which they flew offers no safe landing-place. Obviously, the flights were friendly; without any military significance.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

NEW YEAR'S MUSINGS.

I THOUGHT of a great man's last words. Of Cecil Rhodes: "So much to do; so little done." That is the verdict upon that very peculiar dramatic year, 1932. A year of many attempts, some achievements, and more disappointments. It began badly. It was as if a microbe had infected our theatres. In the first few months, play after play came, was seen, lived something under a week, and then went to limbo. This shortlivedness has become a mode. No longer does the unhappy manager "nurse" a failure; it does not succeed nowadays, so he promptly strangles the newly-born and keeps his house dark for a couple of weeks rather than trail the burden of a heavy rent and salaries. That is why, apparently, 1932 shows a larger output on paper than any other years. But it is merely one of quantity, not of quality. If I examine my long, long list of plays seen in the last twelve months, I stop short at some twenty out of two hundred still visualised: the other one hundred and eighty have foundered practically without leaving a trace for remembrance. Yes, the quality—at any rate in London—was worse than many years before. There is lethargy in creation, because there is timidity among the managers.

Let us have a look at the plays of importance that save 1932 from being a year of disgrace. I top the list with "Musical Chairs," by the late Mr. Ronald Mackenzie—a remarkable firstling Anglicising the Chekov school in an almost perfect manner. It has run for twelve months, and the credit of its discovery (and its acting) is due to Mr. John Gielgud, that most versatile of our young generation. Somewhat in the same key is "Strange Orchestra," by Mr. Rodney Ackland, a true picture of Bright Young People (and some older

ones) in Bohemia, with no definite plot, but perfect characterisation. A distinct manifestation of the latest school which defies all rules and reaches the goal by byways in excursions and alarms all apparently pellmell,



THE CAT (JOHNNY FULLER) IN "DICK WHITTINGTON," THE PANTOMIME AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: DICK (FAY COMPTON) TRIES TO RESTRAIN PUSSY FROM ATTACKING MARTHA (TOM NEWELL) AND IDLE JACK (LESLIE HENSON).

The engagement of such a fine "straight" actress as Miss Fay Compton for the rôle of principal boy must give any pantomime in which she appears pride of place. She is an ideal Dick. Her figure is shapely, her voice good; while her histrionic powers are above praise. Mr. Leslie Henson is a richly comic Idle Jack. His experience in musical comedy and rollicking farce has taught him all the tricks of the trade, so that the more robust methods of his music-hall comrades have no terror for him. To see him as a child in arms being bathed by Mr. Tom D. Newell, a first-class Dame, is rare fun. Mr. Johnny Fuller must be the best of all pantomime cats. If he were the only artist of importance in the pantomime, it would still be worth seeing for his performance alone.

but deep down carefully marshalled by the author. This method, so easy on the surface, has already found many imitators who thought it was easy to do likewise, and have come croppers. Only the finely attuned analytical mind can attempt to erect plays on practically no solid basis, as only a Lonsdale can create a successful play by sheer conversation and satire, as in "Never Come Back," or a Shaw dare weave a long rhodomontade of philosophy, wit, satire, fun, and facetiousness around one great speech—a thundering "J'Accuse" of the post-war world. In London and America that play, for one by Shaw, had but a short, rather grudging life; but in Berlin, all Germany, and Poland it has added laurels to our greatest dramatist's crown. Mr. Somerset Maugham also attacked the post-war provincial generation in his play "For Services Rendered." By some of his admirers it has been called a great play, but I, second to none in my admiration for his splendid chain of novels and dramas, fail to see in this drab picture, most elaborately initiated in a tame first act, the same great qualities that adorned some of Mr. Maugham's older plays. It is artificial in its grip; it is all too spasmodic in its texture. Less ambitious, but very effective, was Miss Dodie Smith's second effort, "Service." It definitely confirmed that she is a dramatist born, not raised in the forcing-house. It was my privilege on the first night to sit next to a prince of commerce, and at the end I asked him his opinion of the picture of shop-life so deftly drawn by Miss Smith. He merely nodded his head in silent approval. Then I knew that it would be a winner—as it undoubtedly is. Compared with "Autumn Crocus" it is a great advance. The latter was sentimental. "Service" is quivering with sentiment.

Two foreign plays were—and one still is—on everybody's lips: Chlumberg's wonderful war elegy, "Verdun," which we owe to the splendid energy of Mr. Ronald Adams (who in a few months has made the Embassy at Hampstead a theatrical Mecca as well as a model little theatre, and has discovered in Mr. André van Gysegheem a producer of great skill and wide vista), and "Children in Uniform," a true and graphic description of life in German boarding-schools created for the benefit of poor officers' children. It is rather a cruel picture, with pathological undercurrents; but it moves by its subtle veracity and it is superbly acted.

Curiously enough, the vogue of this play began with the tremendous success of the film of the same name at Miss Elsie Cohen's Academy Picture House. For once, thus, the film has proved the sponsor, not the fell competitor, of the stage (as it is becoming more and more). Mr. John van Druten's two latest plays, "Somebody Knows" and "Behold We Live," are, in my opinion, not of the same value as their predecessors. I preferred "Somebody Knows," which had an all too short run, and could have been saved by a slight reconstruction, to "Behold, We Live," which is all too photographic in detail and too aimless in conception: It had the privilege of Miss Gertrude Lawrence's truly great performance, and so play and author alike may say with the title, "Behold, We Live!"

Mr. Clifford Bax has given the People's Theatre one of the most charming poetic romances of modern English literature in "A Rose Without a Thorn." It has all the qualities of longevity. Mr. Ivor Novello, that gifted young actor-author, has scored with his charming *comédie de mœurs*, "I Lived with You," and shown what a master of satire he is in the delectable skit of "Party"—our Miss Lilian Braithwaite's most gorgeously funny creation; while Mr. James Bridie, the ingenious doctor of medicine who knows so well how to mix satire with Biblical sagas, has proved in "Tobias" and "Jonah and the Whale" that an *homme d'esprit* can extract great fun from the Bible without bordering on profanity. Mr. Beverley Nichols's famous book, "Evensong," adapted by himself and that ever-skilful dramatist Mr. Edward Knoblock, brought, in a play *à la Magda* that will be seen all over the world, Miss Edith Evans to the top shelf where she belongs. Her elderly prima donna is a masterly creation. I would like to add to my list of "plums" Mr. Noel Coward's charming revue, "Words and Music"—a most amusing medley, written, composed, produced by that young man of genius, who is anon producing yet another play from his pen in America. He is one of the wonders of his age—first on account of his fantastic versatility, next because he is that prodigy—a young man who, in spite of triumphs all over the world, has never had to change the size of his hat.

Before taking my leave of the material that has peopled this short review of the dramatic year, I would say a



THE GOOSE IN "MOTHER GOOSE," THE PANTOMIME AT DALY'S: GEORGE LACY AS THE DAME—AND GEORGE QUEEN AS FEATHERED FRIEND.

"Mother Goose" is just as good entertainment as "Dick Whittington." Miss Cora Goffin is a very charming Prince Hal. She is apparently in the very early twenties, can sing well, act, and has all the personality required for the exacting rôle of principal boy. Mr. George Lacy, a provincial favourite, quickly found favour as Mother Goose. Mr. Laidler gives us less knockabout comedy than is usual in pantomime, but its absence was appreciated rather than missed. Mr. Wyn Weaver, for instance, was in a pleasantly restrained key as Squire Broadacres. His two daughters were played by the clever and attractive St. John sisters.

word about the acting in general. English acting nowadays, barring a reprehensible tendency to create histrionic naturalism by mumbling and munching, is second to none in the world. We may not have the gigantic figures that dominated the theatre in the nineteenth century, but we may boast that we possess a unanimity of *ensemble* that can vie with any country in Europe and with America, and bears a vivid testimony to the culture of the many men and women devoting their life-work to that undying institution which is the theatre of England.



BONZO, THE DOG (ERIC BOCK), IN "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY," THE PANTOMIME AT THE LYCEUM: A WORLD-FAMOUS "SKETCH" FRIEND BEING CARESSSED BY QUEEN GUINEVERE (DICK TUBB).

The Brothers Melville are this season faced with a trio of pantomime rivals, and gallantly have they tackled their task. It is undoubtedly the best-dressed production they have yet given us, while the scenery is also more artistic than usual. Miss Kitty Reidy makes a dashing principal boy, and has a voice much above the average. Miss Sally Stewart is a pretty and youthful Sleeping Beauty. Messrs. Naughton and Gold are probably the best knockabout comedians of the day, and their antics were calculated to amuse both young and old. Then there is Mr. Dick Tubb, an eccentrically dignified queen and the lucky possessor of a mouth so flexible that its slightest twist drew roars of laughter.

A MODERN WIZARD'S PUPPET SHOW:

THE puppet show of Professor Teschner, of Vienna, is utterly unlike other European marionette theatres. It dispenses with curtain, stage, and side-scenes; no human voice is heard; and the world of reality is dispelled as completely as may be. With the charm, mystery, and grotesqueness of the little figures that he manipulates with such astonishing dexterity, the artist has created a new art, miraculously perfect, in a style absolutely his own. In his studio the bright lights slowly, almost imperceptibly, fade away, and soft, gently monotonous, music accompanies the pantomime. First appears the orchid, a fabulous creature of Saturnus, in the guise of a harmless plant. Soon its leaves begin to rise and fall, the chalice of the flower opens, and, watched by Saturnus in the shape of a scientist, richly clad, the orchid on its high stem shoots like a tongue of flame in every direction, seeking food, without which it must die. The grotesque man-ape, the scientist's servant, lies in ambush on the roads to decoy human victims to his master's house—

[Continued opposite.]

A "COLOUR-PIANO"; AN ORCHID PLAY.

for the orchid needs human blood. Various types pass in the narrow streets of the mediæval town. A blind beggar grinds his barrel-organ, with pathetic gestures groping his way along, but his poverty and emaciation save him. A buxom market woman appears next, but she escapes. Finally, a lovely little wanton trips along, coquettishly flirting with her fan, and smiles at the scientist, who, up above at the window, lures her in. She is the orchid's first victim, and many others will succeed her.—Within, before the orchid in full bloom, lies the maiden, asleep. The orchid's serpent neck shoots out and the flower sucks the precious human blood, its body glowing ruby red in unearthly splendour, till, at last, with the entry of the golden-haired girl, the phantoms of darkness must withdraw.—In contrast, a little comedy. A Bimini mannikin plays a "colour-piano," which produces a small bright spot of colour with every tone. In his sheer excitement his spectacles slip up and down his long nose; while a little goose looks on at the performance.



A BIMINI GLASS MANNIKIN PLAYING A "COLOUR-PIANO"—WHICH PRODUCES A SMALL BRIGHT SPOT OF COLOUR WITH EVERY TONE.



SCENES FROM ONE OF PROFESSOR TESCHNER'S PUPPET SHOWS: (LEFT) THE SCIENTIST AND THE GROTESQUE MAN-APPE, HIS SERVANT, SITTING BY THE ORCHID, WHICH IS NOT YET FULLY AWAKE; AND (RIGHT) THE SCIENTIST LURING A MAIDEN INTO HIS HOUSE TO SATISFY THE ORCHID'S NEED FOR HUMAN BLOOD.



WATCHED BY THE SCIENTIST AND HIS SERVANT, THE ORCHID, IN FULL BLOOM, STRETCHES OUT TO SUCK THE GIRL'S BLOOD, ITS SACK-SHAPED BODY BEGINNING TO TAKE A REDDISH COLOUR BEFORE FINALLY GLOWING RUBY RED.



THE HALOED AND MAJESTIC MAIDEN, ACCOMPANIED BY TWO STATUESQUE ANGELS, AT WHOSE BENIGN INFLUENCE THE PHANTOMS MUST WITHDRAW TO THE LOWER REGIONS: THE FINAL SCENE OF THE PLAY.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: THE WEEK'S EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE RAPID CONSTRUCTION OF THE METTUR DAM, IN SOUTH INDIA—ONE OF THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD: THE ESCAPE
 Fine progress was made in 1932 on the construction of the great dam at Mettur, on the Cauvery River, 180 miles south-west of Madras. When it comes into operation in 1934 it will be one of the largest dams in the world, the masonry formed being exceeded by only two others and having a circumference of about 100 miles. Our photograph shows the sixteen ventways, each closed by counter-weighted shutters measuring sixty by twenty feet, electrically operated and made by Messrs. Giesfeld and Kennedy, of Kilmarnock. The overhead lattice steel bridges



FOR DISCHARGING SURPLUS FLOOD-WATER.

carry the operating gear. The reinforced concrete arches below carry a nineteen-foot roadway. The dam is being built with extraordinary speed. An average of 4000 tons of masonry, in the twelve months ending last May, was laid on each of the 280 working days of the year.



A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY MANSION DESTROYED BY FIRE: BLAKESWARE, NEAR WARE, THE HERTFORDSHIRE HOME OF LORD AND LADY GERARD.

In the early morning of December 31 fire broke out in Lord Gerard's home near Ware and almost completely destroyed it, together with thousands of pounds' worth of furniture, books, pictures, and family heirlooms. The chapel and the servants' quarters were practically the only parts of the mansion untouched by the fire. Lord and Lady Gerard were away in Cornwall at the time, but they returned on December 31 to find their home almost gutted.



THE INTRODUCTION OF THE METRIC SYSTEM IN TURKEY: OKE WEIGHTS FOR MELTING DOWN.
 Owing to technical difficulties, our correspondent informs us, the law introducing the metric system in Turkey on January 1, 1933, will not be enforced until next year. Meanwhile, many thousands of pounds of oke weights (21 lb.) have been melted down and re-cast into metric weights.

THE REVOLUTION WITH A HAPPY ENDING: THE KING OF SIAM APPEARING TO HIS PEOPLE ON A BALCONY OF THE ROYAL PALACE.

Siam's new Constitution, brought about by revolution last June, came into force amid general rejoicing on December 10. I.M. King Prajadhipok continues to rule over his subjects, but now as a constitutional monarch, not as the despot he was before. He added his signature to the new Charter, the Magna Carta of Siam, at the palace fad by the Court astrologers as propitious, while the event was universally celebrated throughout the kingdom. After the final form of the Constitution had been agreed on between the King and the

THE MAGNA CARTA OF SIAM: THE DOCUMENT CONTAINING THE NEW CONSTITUTION GUARDED BY SENTRIES OF THE ROYAL GUARD.

new Assembly, a meeting took place which must be unique in the history of revolutions. By three of the originators of the revolution were pardoned from his Majesty for "offences committed while entering but the chart." The King courteously replied by congratulating the revolution on "their energy and "sporting spirit" in retaining their religious statement, that had caused him such distress, that the new Constitution had nothing to bring about the present-day regime of Siam. Their speech, he said, gave him great pleasure, although he had long ago forgiven them, knowing that they and the nation's interests at heart.



THE COMMUNIST PLOT IN SPAIN: AN ARSENAL OF BOMBS FOUND IN BARCELONA.
 The discovery on December 29, through a chance explosion, of an arsenal of 1600 bombs, as well as revolvers, rifles, ammunition, and documentary evidence, revealed to the police the existence of a plot for a general revolutionary movement all over Spain on the part of anarchists and Communists working together.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY'S ELECTRIFIED LINE TO BRIGHTON AND WORTHING—A CEREMONY IN WHICH THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON TOOK PART: THE FIRST ELECTRIFIED TRAIN ARRIVING AT WORTHING.
 A development of very great significance was celebrated on December 30, with the official opening of the Southern Railway's electrified line to Brighton and Worthing. The new service, made available for public use on January 1, is the first approach to main-line electrification in this country. Its benefits include a much greater possible frequency of service, increased comfort, less noise, smoother running, no smoke, and the most luxurious rolling-stock in the country. It is anticipated that electrification would put the more distant parts of Surrey and Sussex well within the reach of the City worker.



THE FINAL SESSION OF THE ROUND-TABLE

The third session of the Round-Table Conference closed on Christmas Eve. Great satisfaction was felt at the Lord Chancellor's defence of the Conference from the charges of inadequate achievement. Sir Samuel Hoare said the Conference had clearly defined



CONFERENCE: THE SCENE ON CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE ROYAL ROBING-ROOM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WHERE A FAREWELL MESSAGE FROM HIS MAJESTY WAS READ TO THE ASSEMBLED DELEGATES.

the field upon which the future Constitution is to be built. The delegates were sent the following message from the King: "Delegates of the Round-Table Conference, I thank you sincerely for the loyal words which you addressed to me at the conclusion of your Conference. I know how complex the problem before you has been, and I shall gladly with deep interest the report of your deliberations. It is gratifying to learn that the spirit of good will which is uppermost in men's hearts at this season has revealed throughout your meetings, and I am confident that your labours will prove to have fortified a partnership whose strength and endurance are of such consequence to all my people. I bid you Godspeed, with my best wishes for peace and prosperity in the New Year." Sir Samuel Hoare said the Conference arrived at by the Government in regard to Federation, and added to the confidence and good feeling of the delegates.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE SNOWY OWL.

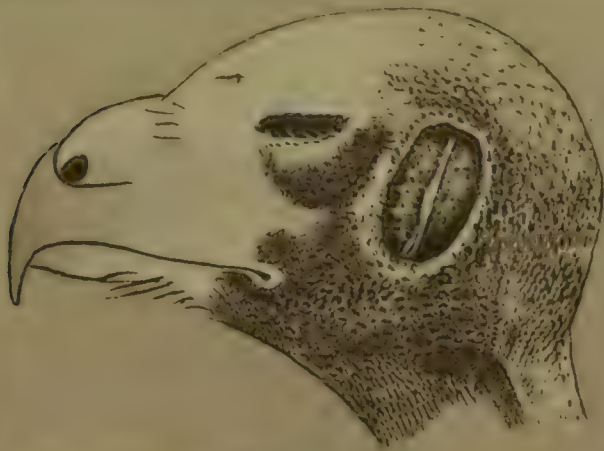
By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

ON several occasions within the last few weeks my newspaper has told me of strange birds caught in mid-ocean, on ships which they had found, in sore need. Else they had perished in the cruel sea. One such was a snowy owl, and when the ship

successive moults takes place. At that critical moult, the plumage either assumes the conspicuously white coloration, or it retains bars across the breast and the spots on the upper surface, though greatly reduced in size. Assuming this to be true, it would help us to explain much if we knew that the whitest forms were always those of most northerly range. For the white dress is surely a "protective" dress; a "concealing coloration" enabling the bird to bear down on its prospective prey unperceived, owing to its harmony with the prevailing mantle of snow over which it is flying. These victims, during the greater part of the year—Arctic hares, willow grouse, ptarmigan—are also white; that is to say, also have a "concealing coloration." But—and this is important—it conceals only so long as they remain crouching. Hence the "protection" is never absolute, which would be critics of the "protective coloration" theory perversely ignore. The grouse or the hare crouches the moment

the snowy owl these discs are incomplete above the eye. They are seen to meet, in this photograph, in front of and above the beak.

The eyes are another feature which call for comment. They are relatively smaller than in the eagle owl, and this may perhaps be due to some reaction against the glare of the snow. But in this case how is it that their colour, a glorious orange-yellow surrounding a great black pupil, remains the same as in the eagle owl and long- and short-eared owls, among others? And why is it that, while most of the owls have



1. THE EXTERNAL APERTURE OF THE EAR OF A SCOPS OWL; WHICH CLOSELY RESEMBLES THAT OF THE SNOWY OWL.

came safely to port it was sent to our "Zoo," where it will live henceforth in peace and plenty. Most people, probably, read the story of this escape from death and straightway forgot it. Just as those who, on their next visit to the Gardens, will give this waif from the seas a cursory glance, remark perhaps on its white plumage and great yellow eyes, and proceed to the next cage, with never a further thought of this strange bird. They will probably never realise that they have gazed upon one of the most interesting of birds, and a great deal more besides.

How came this bird to find itself in dire straits in mid-ocean? Normally, the snowy owl is an inhabitant of the vast wastes of the Far North, where silence reigns, broken only by the cries of beast and bird, and occasionally man. It is an inhospitable region, as men count comfort. And the creatures which live there do so largely by slaying and eating one another. The snowy owl, feeding on Arctic hares, lemmings, and willow grouse, must come somewhat southward in times of stress, and to its hurt, for on such ventures it comes within range of one of the most destructive beasts of all—the man with a gun, thirsting to slay what he chooses to label "vermin."

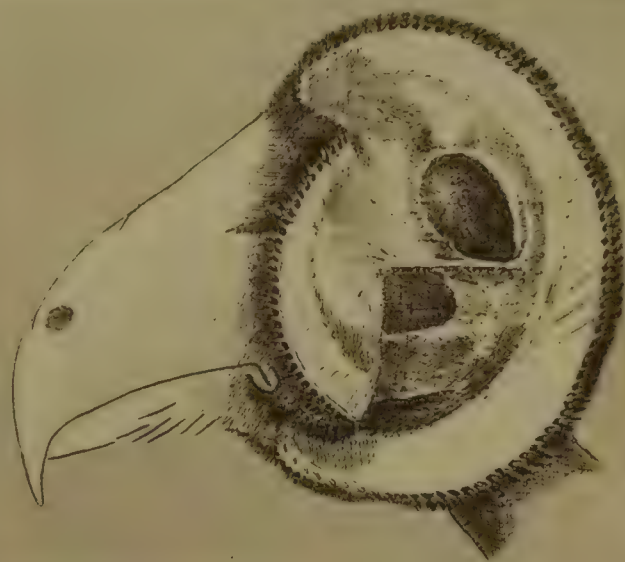
This insane, unreasoned slaughter is largely responsible for the periodic "plagues" of lemmings—and other rodents—which in hordes overrun the country, and overflow into areas beyond their normal boundaries. These seasons of unwonted abundance beget a surprising prolificness among the natural enemies of the lemmings, and hence the numbers of snowy owls become largely increased, and they follow their victims southwards. But speedily starvation and disease break out; the days of plenty come to an end, and this brings disaster on the abnormal numbers of these birds. For they must, perforce, venture further and further south in their search for food, and so it comes about that some find a refuge—till they are shot—in the British Islands; while some, by force of circumstances, venture a longer sea-route, and, tired out, come to rest on the only islands they can find—ships at sea. But the end is always the same; few, if any, ever return to their homeland.

The captive at the "Zoo," shown in the adjoining photograph, is evidently in its juvenile plumage; that is to say, is not yet one year old, and a female. This much is shown by the heavily barred plumage. As touching the adult dress, it is still a moot point—though some may demur to this—as to whether the snowy owl is "dimorphic"—that is, presenting two forms. For while some unquestionably adult males are almost spotlessly white, others display what may be called a "tendency" to a barred plumage, which in the female is always more marked.

Certainly there seems good reason for the contention that, after the second moult, no change in

fortunate chance reveals the oncoming of the moving enemy, which, as likely as not, will not perceive them. When "fortunate chance" favours the owl, the moving victims will pay the penalty.

The living bird preserves many secrets. One might see this captive at the "Zoo," for example, a hundred times, and yet not discover the fact that, like the long- and short-eared owls and the eagle owls, it could erect a small tuft of feathers, or "ears," on each side of the top of the head. For only on occasions are they made to stand erect. One of the most characteristic features of the owl tribe is the peculiar form and arrangement of the feathers of the face to form a "disc" around each eye. In



2. THE EXTERNAL EAR OF THE SHORT-EARED OWL, WHICH STANDS IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO THAT OF THE SNOWY OWL: A DRAWING TO SHOW THE ENLARGEMENT OF THE MEMBRANOUS APERTURE; THE EXPOSURE OF THE SKULL; AND THE FORMATION OF A BLIND CAVITY BELOW THE ACTUAL EAR-OPENING.

Below can be seen a small blind chamber, above the actual passage to the inner ear. On the other side of the head exactly the opposite is found.

conspicuously yellow eyes, in the barn owl and brown owl the iris is of such an intensely dark hazel as to appear black? So far as I know, no oculist has ever given this matter his attention. Similarly, one may ask whether, in the case of the human eye, any visual differences can be traced between blue, grey, and brown eyes. In Europeans all these types are seen; but there is no such change in any other race, which are always uniformly dark.

Owls, in the matter of their ears, differ from all other birds. To the ordinary observer, doubtless, birds have no ears—at any rate, no external evidence thereof, such as we find in the human ear, or of dogs and rabbits. But in all birds there may be seen, behind the eye, a patch of feathers almost hair-like in appearance. Raise these, and a small round hole will be found. This is the aperture leading to the internal organ of hearing, the actual ear. Now, in some owls no more than this will be seen on lifting these feathers. We can, however, pass from this condition through a series of increasing complexity, and presenting some really astonishing features. Some years ago, on this page, I described these stages. I do not believe that any of my readers would censure me if I told the story over again; but the space now at my disposal makes this impossible. All that I can say now is, that in the snowy owl the skin surrounding the aperture forms a large pyriform rampart whose vertical height is conspicuously greater than the diameter of the eyelids. But, more than this, it is so large as to reveal the hinder rim of the bony ring enclosing the hinder wall of the eye, and a portion of the skull itself. Furthermore, a probe can be passed up for some distance into a space lying between the skull and the skin. The general form of this aperture resembles that of the scops owl shown in Fig. 1. The large size of the aperture, and the space between skull and skin just referred to, may play an important part in the living birds, since the space may be capable of enlargement to serve as a resonator—a most useful and when the bird is hunting in the silence of twilight, for the sounds of footfalls in the snow must be very, very faint.



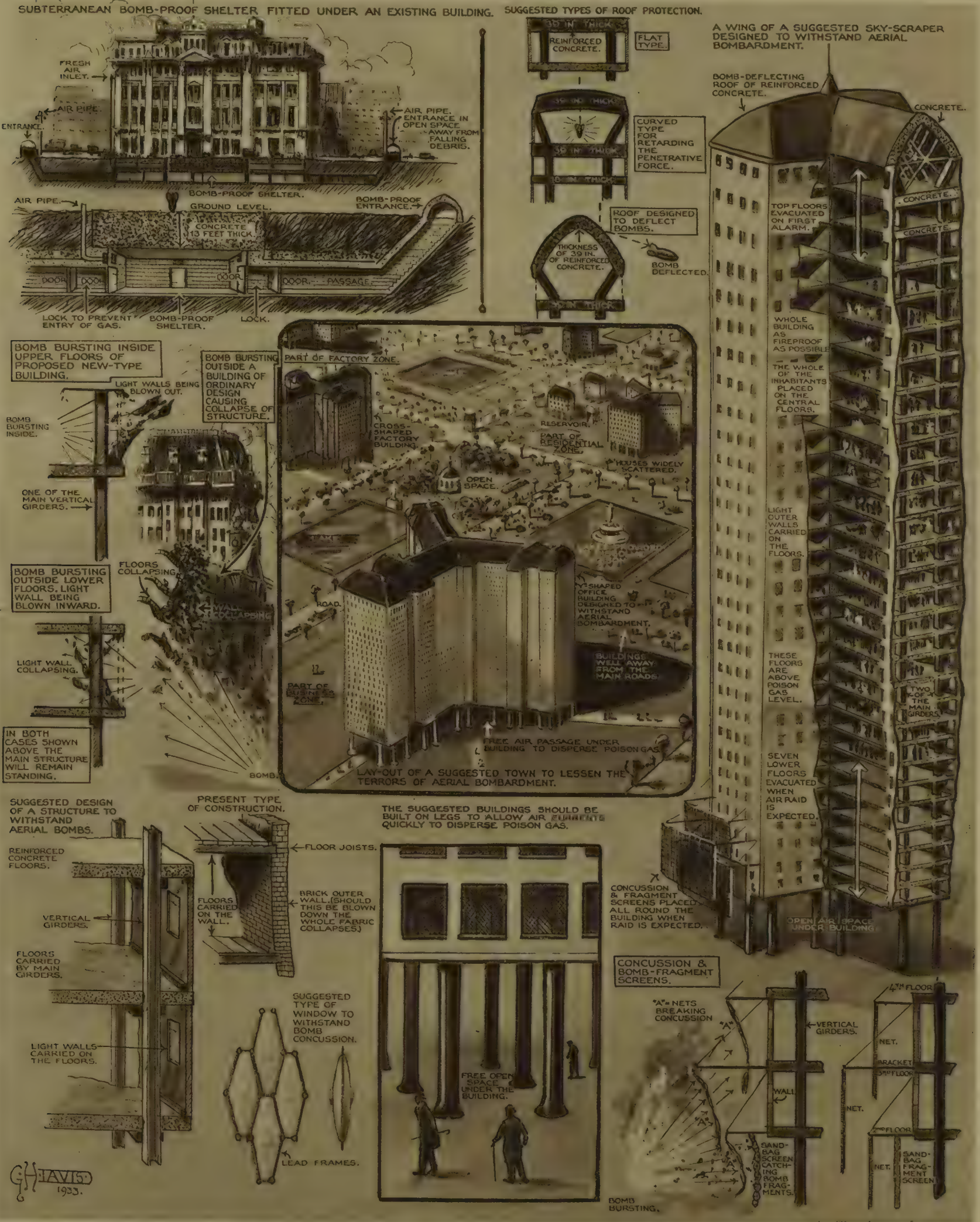
3. THE STRANGE CASE OF THE SNOWY OWL RECENTLY CAUGHT ON BOARD SHIP IN MID-ATLANTIC, 800 MILES FROM LAND: THE BIRD, WHICH IS NOW IN THE LONDON "ZOO"; SHOWN TO BE AN IMMATURE FEMALE BY THE HEAVY BARRING ON THE BREAST.

The food of the Snowy Owl consists of lemmings, Arctic hares, willow-grouse, ptarmigan, and sea-birds. It is also a very successful fisherman, watching at ice-holes and seizing fish when they come to the surface.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

ANTI-AIRBOMB ARCHITECTURE: SAFETY BUILDING AND TOWN-PLANNING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS; AFTER DIAGRAMS BY M. PAUL VAUTHIER.

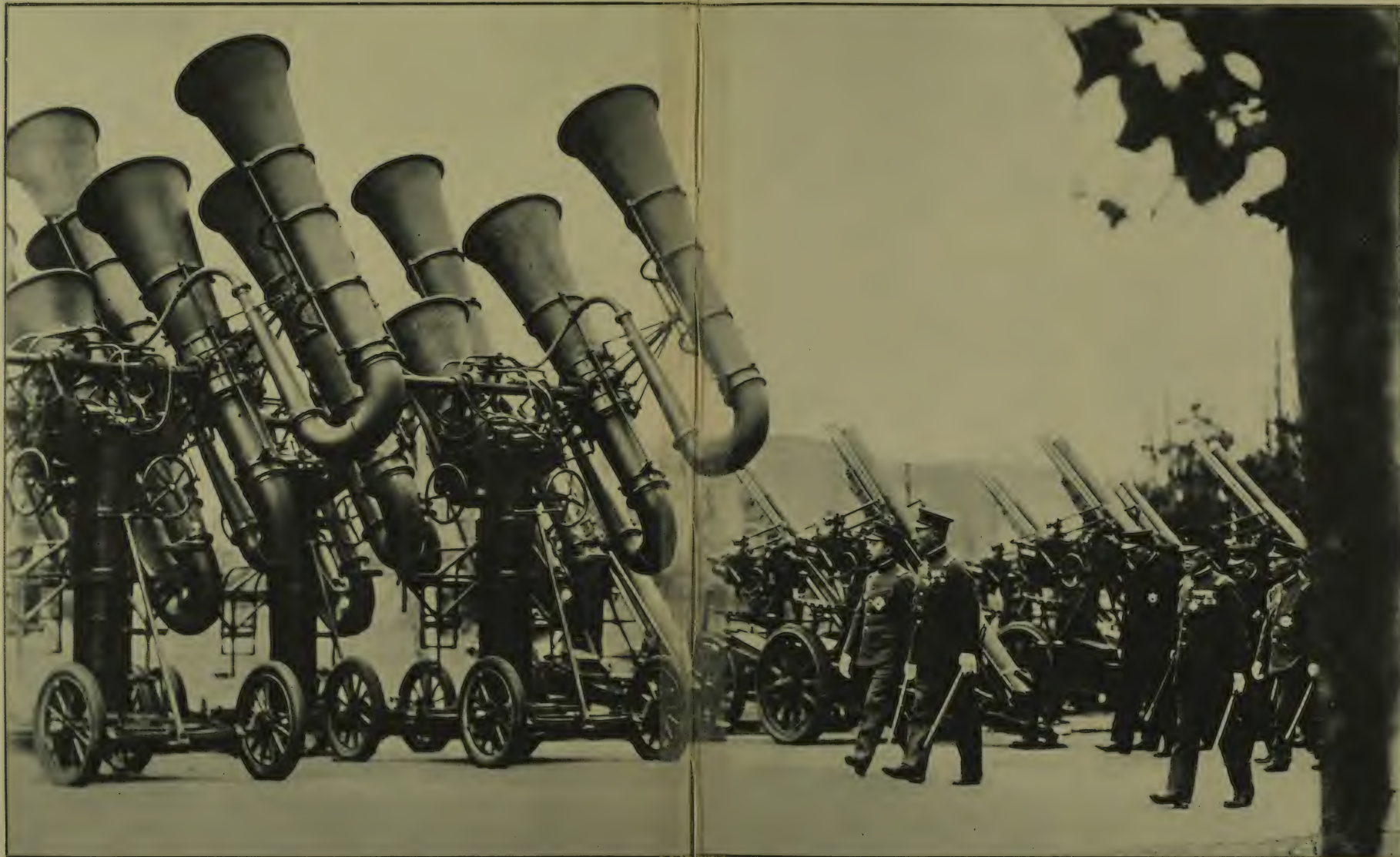


BUILDING TO MEET THE AIR MENACE: PROTECTIVE CONSTRUCTION ; LAKES AND OPEN BASEMENTS TO DISPERSE GAS.

The appalling peril to crowded cities, in any future war, from air-bombs filled with new forms of poisonous or asphyxiating gas of incredible potency, far deadlier to life than high-explosive bombs, is emphasised by Lord Halsbury in an article in the January number of the "British Legion Journal," which strengthens the grave warning recently uttered by Mr. Baldwin. Unless the danger of war can be eliminated, it is obviously essential to introduce new protective methods of architecture and town-planning. Continental architects have already devoted considerable attention to this subject, and we illustrate here various suggestions lately made by a well-known French expert, M. Paul Vauthier. Future building, he points out, must be designed to meet the combined menace of fire, explosion, and gas. Buildings should be as fireproof as possible, and placed at wide intervals well back from roads, so that, in case of collapse, they should not fall on thoroughfares. Towns should be divided into

separate zones for factories, business quarters, and residential districts. The two enemies of gas, he recalls, are water and wind; therefore, reservoirs and ornamental lakes should be disposed about the towns to dissolve gas, and there should be free play for air currents to disperse it. Buildings should be constructed on vertical girders so braced as to support reinforced concrete floors, while walls should be light and carried by the floors, so that, should the walls be blown down, the whole building would not fall, as it would if the walls carried the floors. M. Vauthier suggests a 30-floor skyscraper 270 ft. high as an ideal type of building, which, if provided with bomb-deflecting roof and upper floors, and screens to protect the base from the force of an explosion, it would be practically impossible to destroy. Window glass should all be of the diamond lead-framed type. Bomb-proof shelters above ground, he considers, are easier to build than subterranean shelters.

THE "EARS" OF THE DEFENDERS: "TRUMPETS" TO DETECT THE NOISE OF CITY-ATTACKING AIRCRAFT.



VERY LIKE SAXOPHONES FOR SOME GOLIATH OF JAZZ—IN REALITY, ENGINES OF WAR. H.I.M. THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN (THE LEADING FIGURE) INSPECTING SOUND-DETECTORS DESIGNED TO REVEAL TO DEFENDERS THE WHEREABOUTS OF APPROACHING ENEMY AEROPLANES.

Rather over two years ago we published, as a Symbol of Our Time, a photograph of a new sound-detecting device that had just been brought into use at the French Air Manœuvres, a queer set of gigantic "ears" designed to catch the characteristic noise of engines throbbing twenty miles away and to reveal to the listening defenders the precise position and the altitude of the enemy aircraft fitted with those engines. In the same issue, we recalled the fact that

kindred contrivances had been used elsewhere, and that, for example, an "Aero-detector," resembling four huge trumpets, or loud-speakers, mounted on a wheeled platform, had been in evidence at an anti-aircraft demonstration in the United States. Here we see sound-detectors in Japan, gifts from the citizens of Osaka to their country. "What monstrous orchestra is this?" asked an imaginative writer discussing the picture we reproduce. "For what

Goliath of Jazz were these formidable saxophones fashioned? In the presentation of what tremendous composition will they play their part, these instruments which might have given to Berlioz the full sonority he desired for the *Tuba mirans* of his 'Requiem'? To tell the truth, these colossal trumpets are dumb! And they belong not to the musician, but to the soldier. They are not brazen mouths, but metal ears. They are devices used at Osaka during manœuvres

that concerned themselves with the warding off of aerial offensives, and they react to the vibrations caused by approaching aircraft. In the future, in all our cities, the instruments of attack and defence may blend in a terrible Symphony of Death! How these 'trumpets' suggest the fearful fanfare! And do not they make us wonder whether Man, in creating the Robot to serve him, has brought into activity not a slave, but a Master whom he must obey?"

THE GREAT SPORTING TOPIC OF THE HOUR: THE M.C.C. IN AUSTRALIA.



BRADMAN BOWLED BY A BALL WHICH HE DID NOT ATTEMPT TO PLAY: THE GREAT BATSMAN DISMISSED BY VOCE IN THE M.C.C. MATCH AGAINST NEW SOUTH WALES.



MCCABE'S MAGNIFICENT BATTING IN THE FIRST TEST MATCH AT SYDNEY, WHICH ENGLAND WON BY 10 WICKETS: THE LAST FOUR IN HIS 187 NOT OUT.



SUTCLIFFE'S LUCK IN THE FIRST TEST: THE BALL THAT ROLLED ON TO HIS WICKET WITHOUT DISLODGING THE BAILS; WITH GRIMMETT (LEFT) AND RICHARDSON IN ATTITUDES OF DESPAIR.



SUTCLIFFE MAKING THE WINNING RUN IN THE FIRST TEST MATCH, CONCLUDED ON A DAY OF FOUR MINUTES' PLAY; WITH THE SOLITARY SPECTATOR LEAVING THE SYDNEY "HILL."



A RECORD SECOND-WICKET PARTNERSHIP: SUTCLIFFE (LEFT) AND HAMMOND GOING OUT TO LAY THE FOUNDATIONS OF ENGLAND'S BIG TOTAL IN THE FIRST TEST.



WHERE THE SECOND TEST MATCH WAS PLAYED: THE MELBOURNE CRICKET GROUND FROM THE AIR—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING A PREVIOUS TEST, SHOWING THE HUNDREDS OF PARKED CARS.

There is at present no sporting topic to compare in its wideness of appeal with the M.C.C. tour in Australia, where the English cricketers have acquitted themselves far better, probably, than the majority of enthusiasts expected when the team sailed. Before the first Test Match was played in Sydney, they had beaten South Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales by convincing margins, and their bowlers had several times dismissed Woodfull, Bradman, and other leading Australian batsmen for unexpectedly small scores. One such occasion is shown above. In the second innings of the New South Wales match, won by England

by an innings and 44 runs, Bradman was bowled by Voce for 23. He walked away from a fast ball which he thought would rise; but it kept low and shattered his wicket. In the first Test Match, McCabe made 187 not out in Australia's first innings' total of 360; England responded with 524 (Sutcliffe 194, Hammond 112, and the Nawab of Pataudi 102); and Australia's second innings, mainly through Larwood's magnificent bowling, closed for 164. This left England with one run to get to win, and a victory by ten wickets was the result. The second Test Match started at Melbourne on December 30. Australia won by 111 runs.

THE "EXTINCT" ALIVE IN THE BALKANS: THE REMARKABLE FINDS OF DR. SINISHA STANKOVITCH.



SURVIVALS FROM THE TERTIARY EPOCH PECULIAR TO LAKE OHRID: TWO PRE-GLACIAL WORMS, NEODENDROCOELUM MACULATUM ET ST. NAUMI.



A SPECIES FOUND ALIVE NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD: TRUTTA LETNICA; FROM LAKE OHRID, AN INLAND SEA WHOSE "PREHISTORIC" FAUNA IS UNIQUE.

the fauna of Lake Ohrid. But results so far obtained show that the majority of its forms of life are extinct in other parts of Europe. Thus, of its seventeen forms of worm, thirteen exist only in Lake Ohrid. It has positively been proved that the "Neodendrocoelum" family, of which several forms have been found in the lake, inhabited the waters of the Western Balkans in the distant Tertiary days. It is most interesting to notice that another Ohrid worm of the "Oligochaeta" family—*Lamprodrilus pigmaeus*—has been found alive nowhere else in the world save in the famous Lake Baikal. Similarly, of twenty-six kinds of snail examined, only two are to be found alive elsewhere in the world—although

(Continued below.)



ONE OF THE OLDEST INHABITANTS OF LAKE OHRID, FOUND ALIVE ELSEWHERE ONLY IN LAKE BAIKAL, IN ASIATIC RUSSIA, WHICH IS SIMILARLY A NATURAL MUSEUM OF PREHISTORIC FORMS OF LIFE: LAMPRODRILUS PIGMAEUS.

filled with abundant forms of life. Most of these forms of life have become extinct. What the Glacial period did not wipe out was destroyed by new and more virile forms of life, which came in as the ice belt receded. Surrounded by high mountains, remote from other bodies of water, fed exclusively with the purest and most transparent water from mighty underground springs, and joined to the sea only by the narrow torrential stream of the River Drin, Ohrid Lake was protected from the effects of the Ice Age, which were far slighter in the Balkans than in Central and Western Europe, and preserved from the attack of the post-Glacial fauna. Much has yet to be done in examining and classifying

(Continued above.)



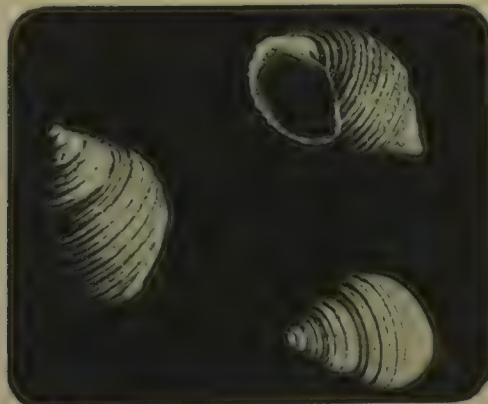
A WORM ENDEMIC TO LAKE OHRID, WHOSE NEAREST LIVING RELATIVES HAVE BEEN FOUND IN NEW ZEALAND: PELOSCOLEX STANKOVITCHI.



ANOTHER LIVING REPRESENTATIVE OF THE OTHERWISE EXTINCT SNAIL: PYRGULINA: PYRGULA WAGNERI.

many of them bear a close resemblance to forms well known among the fossils of the Tertiary period. Many of the Ohrid "Crustaceana" are also old forms, endemic to Ohrid, but found as fossils in other parts of the Balkans. Finally, as already stated, the trout for which Ohrid is justly famous, and of which over 200 tons a year are caught and sent to various markets, are of a form unknown elsewhere, and can justifiably be regarded as pre-Glacial representatives of the European branch of the "Salmonida" family. Lake Ohrid lies among beautiful mountains; its waters are among the purest and most transparent of the European lakes and remain cool even in the heat of summer, owing to the lake's great depth (over 1000 feet in

(Continued below.)



ANOTHER SNAIL SURVIVING FROM EARLY TIMES: GONIA MUNDA.



THE OLD MONASTERY OF ST. NAUM, THE POSSESSION OF WHICH WAS LONG DISPUTED BETWEEN JUGOSLAVIA AND ALBANIA: A VIEW OF THE LAKE OHRID COAST.

many parts); its beaches are long stretches of smooth, fine sand, and its climate is delightful. Undoubtedly the lake will become, sooner or later, one of Europe's most popular playgrounds. It is to be hoped that before that occurs, means will be provided for a full scientific examination of the unique fauna of this magnificent example of a natural storehouse of prehistoric forms of life.—H. D. HARRISON.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



MRS. BEETON, OF THE COOKERY-BOOK: A PORTRAIT ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

A portrait of Mrs. Beeton (1836-1865) has been acquired by the National Portrait Gallery. The famous author of the cookery-book was born ninety-seven years ago, and wrote her book seventy-four years ago. Her portrait is a tinted photograph.

Copyright photograph, National Portrait Gallery.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THE STERNE CUP; A PIECE OF RICHLY GILT SILVER (1673-4; HEIGHT, 7½ IN.).

The work of an unknown maker, whose mark was A C in monogram, this fine piece bears the London hall-mark for 1673-4. It is of richly gilt silver, depending for its decorative effect mainly upon contrast between plain and matted surfaces. On both the lid and front of the cup is an inscription stating that it had been a gift from Charles II to Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York (1664-1683).

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SIR PHILIP SASSOON, BT., M.P.

Elected Chairman of the National Gallery Board in succession to Viscount Lee of Fareham, who retires after the usual period of seven years of trusteeship. Has been a trustee of the Gallery since 1921. Under-Secretary of Air.



THE THIRD LORD NORTHBOURNE.

Died December 24; aged sixty-three. Trustee of the Wallace Collection since 1931; and was himself an artist, under the name of Walter James. He was a member of the Fine Arts Club and the Chelsea Arts Club.



A CHARMING IDEA FOR GIVING PLEASURE TO OUR DUMB FRIENDS: A NEW YEAR'S TREAT FOR AGED HORSES AT THE REST HOME AT CRICKLEWOOD.

It has long been the policy of "The Illustrated London News" to champion the cause of aged and worn-out animals. Doubtless, readers will remember the striking and affecting drawings, made by our special artist and published by us in June, in connection with the export of worn-out horses. We here reproduce some photographs of a much more heartening nature, taken at the Home of Rest for Horses at Cricklewood. It was a charming fancy that these aged animals,



THE NEW YEAR'S TREAT FOR AGED HORSES AT CRICKLEWOOD: A GREAT WAR "PENSIONER" REGISTERS HIS IMPATIENCE!

many of whom had distinguished themselves in the service of their country, should be given a special New Year's treat. This New Year's tea-party has become an annual event at Cricklewood. In one of our photographs, girl visitors are seen bringing dainties to the inmates of the Home of Rest; and in the other "Captain Day" (who was found riderless on the Somme battlefield) is seen manifesting his impatience in no uncertain manner.



A BLACKBOARD LESSON IN GLIDING AND SOARING: HERR WOLF HIRTH, THE GERMAN EXPERT, LECTURING AT DUNSTABLE.

Interest in the glider—the "poor man's aeroplane"—has increased greatly in this country of recent years. English amateurs of gliding have been eager to learn of Continental gliding-experts, particularly of the Germans: who, as is everywhere recognised, have brought modern gliding to the pitch of a fine art. We here show Herr Wolf Hirth, a leader of the gliding and soaring movement in America and Germany, who recently arrived in England to take classes, lecturing at the London Gliding Club near Dunstable.



A LESSON IN SKI-ING: A STRIKING METHOD OF INSTRUCTING PUPIL-TEACHERS AT A SKI-ING SCHOOL NEAR AIX-LES-BAINS.

The correspondent who sends us the above photograph writes: "An up-to-date School of Ski-ing has just been opened at Mont Révard, near Aix-les-Bains. Besides the ordinary courses of instruction which any winter-sport amateur may follow, the *Ecole du Révard* includes a special section reserved for pupil-teachers. The pupil-teachers are chosen from the best skiers sent up to the school by each regional ski-ing organisation. The teacher's certificate is only given after a stiff examination."

PSYCHOLOGY AT THE WHEEL: DRIVING TESTS FOR PARIS BUS-DRIVERS.



THE DISTRACTION TEST: THE SUBJECT WATCHING A MOVING PICTURE ON THE SCREEN AND PRESSING APPROPRIATE BUTTONS AND PEDALS AS COLOURED LAMPS FLASH AND BELLS RING—THUS MAKING IT POSSIBLE FOR THE EXAMINER TO MEASURE THE DEGREE OF THE EXAMINEE'S ATTENTION.



THE POSITION OF THE EXAMINEE DURING THE DISTRACTION TEST; SHOWING HIS HANDS ON BUTTONS AND HIS FEET ON PEDALS—A PAIR OF BELLS IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE TEST OF MOTOR SUSCEPTIBILITY: PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING THE CANDIDATE AND THE EXAMINER SEPARATED BY A SCREEN—THE CANDIDATE ATTEMPTING TO COPY EXACTLY WITH HIS OWN WHEEL THE SPEED OF THE EXAMINER'S WHEEL; AND (LEFT) TYPICAL RESULTS OF THIS TEST (THE EXAMINER'S RECORD BEING ON THE RIGHT OF EACH STRIP, THE CANDIDATE'S ON THE LEFT)—SHOWING (A) THE GRAPH OF A NORMAL CANDIDATE; (B) OF A CANDIDATE WHO ANTICIPATED AND PROLONGED THE EXAMINER'S MOVEMENTS; AND (C) OF AN OBSTINATE CANDIDATE WHO FOLLOWED THEM IMPERFECTLY.



THE DRIVING TEST: A CANDIDATE SEATED IN A DUMMY OMNIBUS IN FRONT OF A MOVING PICTURE OF PARISIAN TRAFFIC—THE SPEED OF THE PICTURE BEING CONTROLLED BY HIS ACCELERATOR.



THE TACHODOMETER: THE CANDIDATE SHOWING HIS POWER OF JUDGING THE RELATIVE SPEEDS OF MOVING DISCS BY PREDICTING THE SPOT ON A GRADUATED STRIP AT WHICH ONE DISC WILL OVERTAKE THE OTHER.

In our issue of November 19 last we illustrated a number of ingenious tests for motor drivers' eyesight, judgment of speed and distance, and so forth, evolved by the National Institute of Industrial Psychology. We here give some kindred tests used in France, with the object of reducing the frequency of accidents on omnibus routes. The first test applied to candidates is the "tachodometer": this determines the subject's aptitude in predicting the point at which two objects moving at different speeds will pass one another. The second test shows the rapidity of the subject's reaction to a sound. The next test is for "motor susceptibility." The apparatus is made up of two handles joined by a revolving band. One of these is turned by the examiner and the other by the candidate;

but, by a free-wheel device, the candidate can turn his independently. The examiner turns his handle at different speeds, or stops; and the candidate has to try and keep his wheel going at the same speed. People are apparently divided into two sorts; those who hold back, and those who anticipate and prolong alterations of the speed. The fourth test is one of muscular fatigue. The fifth is the distraction test. Last of all comes the driving test. The candidate is seated in the replica of the driving-seat of an omnibus. In front of him is a screen on which is thrown a film of a Parisian traffic scene. The candidate has to react exactly as though he were actually driving on the road, and the examiner watches the speed and correctness of his reactions.

THE CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE DISPUTE: MENACE TO HISTORIC BUILDINGS.



SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD'S DESIGN FOR THE NEW BUILDING NOW BEING ERECTED AT NO. 4, CARLTON GARDENS: A VIEW SHOWING NO. 3, CARLTON GARDENS (ON THE RIGHT) AND NO. 1, CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE (ON THE LEFT).



A PROVISIONAL DESIGN BY SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD, THE DISTINGUISHED ARCHITECT, FOR THE WHOLE OF CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE: A SCHEME FOR A LOFTY BLOCK OF BUILDINGS SUITABLE FOR OFFICES, HOTELS, AND FLATS.



CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE IN ITS PRESENT ASPECT: A DIGNIFIED EXAMPLE OF REGENCY ARCHITECTURE, PART OF JOHN NASH'S GREAT TOWN-PLANNING SCHEME—SHOWING THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN (RIGHT BACKGROUND).



THE OUTLINE OF THE NEW BUILDING AT NO. 4, CARLTON GARDENS SUPERIMPOSED AGAINST EXISTING HOUSES, AFTER DEMOLITION OF LORD BALFOUR'S OLD HOME: A VIEW SHOWING THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN (LEFT BACKGROUND).



HOW THE NEW BUILDING AT NO. 4, CARLTON GARDENS (LEFT BACKGROUND), IF COMPLETED ACCORDING TO PLAN, WILL BREAK THE PRESENT SKY-LINE OF CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE: A VIEW FROM THE MALL, SHOWING THE TOP OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN (RIGHT BACKGROUND).

The proposed rebuilding of Carlton House Terrace and Carlton Gardens, one of London's most famous residential quarters and a dignified example of Regency architecture, has aroused a storm of opposition and long-continued controversy. The whole position is explained and discussed in the January number of the "Architectural Review," which criticises very strongly the action of the Crown Commissioners, who control the site, and quotes objections to the scheme by leaders of public opinion and eminent architects, including Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, Sir Edwin Cooper, Sir Herbert Baker, and Sir Banister Fletcher. In a general survey, Lord Clonmore writes: "Carlton House Terrace and Carlton Gardens were built in 1828 on the site of the Regent's old Carlton Palace, from the designs of John Nash. They formed the southernmost part of Nash's grand town-planning

scheme. . . . Among others, Louis Napoleon, Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Gladstone have lived there. . . . Before there was time to protest, the public were informed that No. 4, Carlton Gardens [once the home of Lord Balfour] had been demolished. In its place a building 40 ft. higher is to be erected. This has been designed by Sir Reginald Blomfield, and is to house the offices of a firm of paint manufacturers. . . . A question was asked in the House of Commons by Sir William Davidson, and a memorial was sent to the Prime Minister by eighty-seven M.P.s. The defence given was that the houses were out of repair, difficult to let, and could not be adapted to modern requirements; the state of the nation's finances demanded that the best financial use should be made of the site. This is nonsense." Lord Clonmore then proceeds to refute all these arguments. A committee for the preservation of the site is being formed, and communications may be addressed to Mr. J. C. Squire, 229, Strand.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE CENTRES IN MANCHUKUO: MUKDEN—OLD AND NEW.

THE setting up of the Independent State of Manchukuo and its recognition by Japan last September by no means terminated the unrest prevailing in the country. New movements of Chang Hsueh-liang's troops were reported on December 28; and simultaneously the Japanese War Office issued a statement forecasting a programme of increasing forces and equipment in Manchuria. The photographs here reproduced were taken recently over Mukden, the ancient capital of the Manchu dynasty, whose latest representative, Mr. Henry Pu Yi, formerly Emperor of China, has been made chief executive of Manchukuo. The two air views admirably point the contrast between ancient and modern Mukden. The top one shows the North Mausoleum, one of the most famous monuments of China, with its

[Continued below.



A MONUMENT OF OLD MUKDEN—THE NORTH MAUSOLEUM, ABOUT FOUR MILES NORTH OF MUKDEN, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR: THE TOMB OF THE SECOND MANCHU EMPEROR, TATSUNG, WHO DIED IN 1644—THE ACTUAL GRAVE BEING THE GRASS-GROWN MOUND AT THE TOP.



Continued.] encircling wall 1800 feet in circumference. Amid the trees near the lower left-hand corner stands the villa, not visible in the photograph, built by Chang Hsueh-liang, which, it is reported, the Government of Manchukuo proposes to pull down on the ground of trespass on sacred precincts. The lower photograph shows the centre of the New Town, which is the property of the South Manchuria Railway, and is laid out on a grand scale, with wide roads, squares, and parks. On the south, or near side of the obelisk stand extensive flat-roofed buildings belonging to the Japanese Medical University and the South Manchuria Railway Hospital. The white building to the left is the Yamato Hotel, where the Lytton Commission resided while in Mukden. Beyond it is the headquarters of the Japanese police.

MODERN MUKDEN—THE CENTRAL CIRCLE OF THE JAPANESE CONCESSION LYING BETWEEN THE SOUTH MANCHURIA RAILWAY AND THE CHINESE CITY: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING (CENTRE) THE STONE OBELISK ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THE JAPANESE KILLED IN THE RUSSO-JAPANESE BATTLE OF MUKDEN; AND JAPANESE BUILDINGS SURROUNDING IT.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BY the time these words appear, that promising infant, 1933, will already be a week old; the world is at his feet; what will he do with it? We in Europe are still grumbling in general impoverishment, through having wasted our substance on such unproductive luxuries as bullets, bombs, and shells, in that monstrous orgy of fireworks known as the Great War. We have not yet paid the bill. Meanwhile we are groping about for ways and means to rebuild our squandered fortunes. Some nations are experimenting with new forms of political machinery—

A lever to uplift the earth
And roll it in another course.

The protagonist of the most successful scheme is intimately revealed in a book of outstanding interest—"TALKS WITH MUSSOLINI." By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. With eight illustrations (George Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.).

Here is a work which not even a busy reviewer will be inclined to skip. Its value lies in the absolute candour and sincerity with which, despite differences of temperament and ideals, the Italian Dictator and the famous German biographer discuss matters of vital moment and burning controversy in a spirit of calm detachment. The book represents the high-water mark of interviewing—not, as so often happens, one hurried encounter inaccurately reported by a journeyman writer, but a series of exhaustive conversations, conducted regularly for an hour a day at a succession of appointed meetings, and carefully recorded by a writer of high intellectual standing and European reputation. The setting was the historic apartment in the Palazzo Venezia at Rome where, in a far corner, Mussolini conducts affairs of State. The sense of spaciousness was impressive, recalling the words of the Psalmist—"Thou hast set my feet in a large room." We learn that, in arranging his desk and papers, the Duce is precise and methodical. Fascism is a doctrine of social order, and he that is orderly in great things is orderly also in small.

Signor Mussolini replied frankly to questions often probing deeply into his private motives, feelings, and opinions, and thus are disclosed many traits in his character unguessed by readers knowing him only through newspaper reports of his public acts and utterances. Incidentally, he confesses to a love of sea voyages, and of animals—"horses, dogs, and my favourite, the cat." In graver mood, he reveals an element of fundamental piety and belief in "that Providence which guides all," reverence for the Founder of Christianity, and a conviction that a ruler, in his attitude to humanity, "needs ninety-nine per cent. of kindness and only one of contempt. . . . More sympathy, more compassion; much more compassion." The Duce expresses a "tremendous admiration" for Julius Caesar, "the greatest man that ever lived," but Napoleon he regards rather as a warning than as an exemplar, and compares him unfavourably with Cromwell. One talk turns on resemblances and differences between Fascism and Bolshevism.

Mussolini shows himself very well read in history and literature, including English. He is never at a loss for an allusion or a comparison, and he emphasises the need of poetry and imagination in the man of action. He is especially familiar with Shakespeare and Byron. As a strong opponent of feminism, he suggests that the Anglo-Saxon countries may be heading for a matriarchy. His arguments against women's powers, however, are at one point open to refutation. "Woman," he declares, "must play a passive part. She is analytical, not synthetical. During all the centuries of civilisation has there ever been a woman architect?" The answer, of course, is the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. In the Duce's opinion, woman's place is still in the home. "We do as much for mothers," he claims, "as any country in Europe." He believes in an expanding population, and at the mention of Malthus, his equanimity for once broke down. "Mussolini," writes Herr Ludwig, "suddenly flamed up in wrath. Never before or afterwards did I see him lose his self-command in this way."

Above all, however, Herr Ludwig has kept in view throughout these talks, as a veiled motive in the background, the prevention of another catastrophic war. Writing as an ardent Pacifist and Individualist, he says: "I was concerned to ascertain what Europe had to expect from Mussolini, who is wholly irresponsible, and therefore the most powerful man living in the world to-day. Was he going to be a source of unrest or predominantly a constructive factor?" While the resultant exposition of the Duce's character remains the central interest of the book, the author should also be credited, I think, with a tactful gesture towards international conciliation. One

feels it in the argument about the possible unification of Europe, and again in that on the tariff war and the present economic world crisis. At this point, for example, Herr Ludwig writes: "For some time my enthusiasm for truth and the rights of man had been stirring within me. Now, seizing my chance, I said: 'If you really believe what you say, why don't you found Europe? Napoleon tried to do so, and so did Briand. Well, Briand is dead, and, paradoxically enough, the mantle falls on your shoulders. . . . Mussolini as the founder of Europe! You might become the leading figure of the twentieth century!' I dwelt at some length on this topic, which for me has become a religion."

From Herr Ludwig's book I turned to a memoir of the last monarch who ruled Italy's chief antagonists in the war—"THE LIFE OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES OF AUSTRIA."

Emperor." His interview with the Empress contains a hint of previous association with Austro-Hungarian affairs. When he was presented to her she said, "My husband often spoke of you"; and "she recalled how at a dark hour she had been shown a few of my writings in defence of the imperial cause." Mr. Vivian also describes an interview he had with the Emperor himself in 1921 in Switzerland. One leaves the book with the impression that the Emperor Charles was a much wronged man who might have had good cause to say, "Preserve me from my friends." His son, Otto, now twenty, is hailed in the dedication as "King of Austria, Apostolic King of Hungary," and the concluding Epilogue declares that "The vast majority of the nation demands the return of the lawful Monarch." The book strikes me as a devout piece of special pleading, but, if due allowance be made for obvious partiality, as an interesting account from a Monarchist standpoint of what Mr. Lloyd George called "the ramshackle Empire" in process of disintegration.

Another heir to a disrupted Empire, who, however, did not live to attempt its restoration or occupy a throne, is the subject of a new volume in a popular series of short biographies, namely, "THE KING OF ROME." By R. McNair Wilson, author of "Napoleon the Man" and "Josephine." With a Frontispiece (Davies; 5s.). This attractive little memoir comes opportunely at a time when there is talk of bringing the body of Napoleon's son from Vienna to rest beside his father in Paris. In contrast to the chaotic conditions described by Mr. Vivian, it gives us a glimpse of Austria at the height of her power in the days of Francis I. and Metternich. The author brings out well the effect on the young Duke of Reichstadt of the mingling of Corsican with Hapsburg blood, and the remarkable way in which, despite an education designed to obscure and disparage Napoleon in his eyes, he, as it were by hereditary instinct, became imbued with a passionate devotion to his father's memory and a desire to emulate him. To the same series as this book have been added several other volumes, including "WILLIAM OF ORANGE." By G. J. Renier; "GIBBON." By G. M. Young; "WESLEY." By James Laver; and "MARK TWAIN." By Stephen Leacock (Peter Davies; 5s. each).

Readers who like their political problems stated in terms of psychology will find much to their taste in "SUB-CONSCIOUS EUROPE." By Fedor Vergin. Translated from the German by Raglan Somerset (Cape; 6s. 6d.). The author ranges at large over modern Europe before and since the war, and includes in his purview the countries and personalities we have been considering. Thus, in a chapter headed "Mussolini—the alarmist neurotic," we read: "His symptoms are of decisive importance to the life and well-being of millions of Europeans. If, owing to some relatively insignificant circumstance, some phase of his neurosis develops, peace will be endangered." Again, referring to Hungary, the author writes: "By it (the creation of a new minor nobility) the national Oedipus-complex gains a new store of impulsive energy. Of this national Hungarian complex of the emotions, Otto Habsburg is designated to become the leader."

Whether or not Europe achieves unification, the hopes of world peace, apparently, will not yet be realised, according to the author of "WAR AND WESTERN CIVILISATION," 1832-1932: A Study of War as a Political Instrument and the Expression of Mass Democracy. By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. With eight Maps (Duckworth; 10s.). After surveying the wars of the past hundred years, the author turns to the future, and suggests that Europe must eventually form a united front against what might be termed a Red-and-Yellow Peril from a Russianised Asia. "If Europe is to survive," he declares, "she must settle her internal quarrels; establish the freest possible trade among her now tariff-shackled peoples; erect trade bastions against 'Russasia,' and behind them build up a formidable European army. . . . We shall enter another age of war; not wars between nations, but wars between continents."

As far as Russian competition in trade is concerned, a similar warning emerges from a pamphlet called "THE FORCED LABOUR IN RUSSIA." By the Duchess of Atholl, M.P. (Philip Allan; 6d.). "Though the Five Years' Plan (she says) may not have fully succeeded, a second and even a third term of Five-Year Plans will follow. . . . The vastness of the Programme and the intensity of its operation are ominous for the world. . . . May the countries act together, and act quickly." Thus already the air of 1933 is thick with clouds of portent, but I prefer always to "look for the silver lining." C. E. B.



OUTSTANDING EXAMPLES OF THE MINIATURIST'S ART TO REPRESENT PRESENTATION PORTRAITS IN THE BOARD-ROOM OF THE KING EDWARD'S HOSPITAL FUND MINIATURE HOSPITAL: WORKS BY ALFRED PRAGA, P.S.M.—WITH A POSTAGE STAMP TO INDICATE THEIR SIZE.

The portraits show Lord Moynihan, Lord Dawson of Penn, Lord Lister, and Florence Nightingale. All are by Mr. Alfred Praga, the President of the Society of Miniaturists. The model hospital is constructed on a scale of three-quarters of an inch to the foot.



THE KING EDWARD'S HOSPITAL FUND MINIATURE HOSPITAL, WHICH IS ALSO DEALT WITH ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE: A PERSPECTIVE DRAWING OF THE MODEL; WITH A LITTLE GIRL STANDING BY TO GIVE AN IDEA OF THE SIZE. (SCALE 3/4 IN. TO THE FOOT.)

By Herbert Vivian, M.A. With twenty-two illustrations (Grayson; 18s.). Naturally, I found myself in a very different atmosphere. Occasional references to Mussolini, however, are not unfavourable. Mr. Vivian writes of the late Emperor in a spirit of hero-worship, and of his widow with equal admiration. His preface does not explain how he came to be so deeply interested in them, but the publisher's note mentions that he has been privileged to use "important secret and hitherto unpublished documents" in writing this "first English life of the ill-fated

TRUTH ABOUT

FORCED LABOUR IN RUSSIA." By the Duchess of Atholl, M.P. (Philip Allan; 6d.). "Though the Five Years' Plan (she says) may not have fully succeeded, a second and even a third term of Five-Year Plans will follow. . . . The vastness of the Programme and the intensity of its operation are ominous for the world. . . . May the countries act together, and act quickly." Thus already the air of 1933 is thick with clouds of portent, but I prefer always to "look for the silver lining." C. E. B.

REALLY A MODEL HOSPITAL!—SCALE: $\frac{3}{4}$ INCH TO ONE FOOT.



THE BOARD-ROOM OF THE MODEL MODERN HOSPITAL CONSTRUCTED FOR THE KING EDWARD'S HOSPITAL FUND—ON ITS WALLS THE MINIATURE PRESENTATION PORTRAITS REPRODUCED OPPOSITE.



THE DELIGHTFUL CHILDREN'S WARD: AN AIRY APARTMENT BRIGHTLY DECORATED WITH COLOURED TILES ILLUSTRATING NURSERY RHYMES, INCLUDING "DICK WHITTINGTON," "JACK AND JILL," AND MANY OTHER OLD FRIENDS.



ONE OF THE MINIATURE OPERATING THEATRES: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE PATIENT LYING ON THE TABLE; SURGEONS, ANÆSTHETIST, AND NURSES; AND THE SHADOWLESS LIGHT ABOVE (MADE BY G.E.C.).

The scale model of a modern hospital which is illustrated above and on the opposite page has been built with the object of extending interest in the splendid work of the King Edward's Hospital Fund; by displaying to the general public in a novel form some of the manifold functions and activities of our present-day hospitals. The model, which is constructed to a scale of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch to the foot, presents in perfect proportion and detail a wonderful picture of a modern hospital building; incorporating such essential parts as wards, operating theatres, kitchen,



THE TINY LIFT IN THE CENTRAL TOWER: A WORKING MODEL OF THE AUTOMATIC TYPE OF HOSPITAL LIFT; LARGE ENOUGH TO ACCOMMODATE A STRETCHER AND TWO ATTENDANTS.

a solarium, garden, X-ray apparatus, and an electric lift that actually works; besides showing doctors and nurses attending to patients. The building has been designed by Mr. Lionel Pearson, of the firm of Adams, Holden and Pearson, which has been responsible for numerous hospitals in various parts of the country. The contractors responsible for the creation are Messrs. Humphreys, of Knightsbridge. H.M. the Queen, H.R.H. the Princess Royal, and H.R.H. the Duchess of York have presented lace handkerchiefs to be used as bedspreads in the wards.

"ORPSIE."

"SIR WILLIAM ORPEN": By P. G. KONODY AND SIDNEY DARK.*

(PUBLISHED BY SEELEY SERVICE.)

TO-DAY sees the opening, at Burlington House, of the Winter Exhibition of works of recently deceased R.A.s. Among the exhibits are nearly three hundred pictures and drawings of the late Sir William Orpen. The volume now under review therefore appears most opportunely. It is the result of a very happy collaboration: both Mr. Dark and Mr. Konody give us the benefit of



AN EXAMPLE OF THE LATE SIR W. ORPEN'S EPISTOLARY ART: "A LETTER TO ALBERT RUTHERSTON."

In the left-hand lower corner of this illustrated letter may be seen the words: "To my morbid Albert from his reformed friend Orpen."

practised pens, both were close friends of Orpen (so far as he had close friends), and Mr. Konody writes with particular authority on the technical side of their joint subject. The book is most acceptably produced, and contains sixty-five well-selected examples of Orpen's art. These do not and cannot allow us to recapture any of the artist's use of colour, but they put before us adequately the originality of his composition and the remarkable diversity of his style.

Orpen was, possibly not excepting Sargent, the most successful painter of this century in this country, and in a brief life—he died at fifty-three—accomplished an astonishing quantity of work. Within thirty years he produced no fewer than 600 portraits, and this takes no account of many other pieces in different styles. "I doubt," writes Mr. Konody, "whether in the whole history of art there is another instance of a painter adopting simultaneously and at will such vastly different methods of pictorial expression, and adopting them with such gusto and apparent conviction." From the point of view of material success alone, he occupied a unique place among modern artists. It was, perhaps, not favourable to his highest powers that he became Portrait-Painter-in-Chief to England and America; for this is a bondage which, while it is difficult for the celebrated artist to escape, constantly grows more exacting and more inescapable. Yet Orpen contrived to maintain an unusually high level of conception and of achievement in his portraits; few, if any, have the banality of mass production, though we could not go so far as Mr. Konody when he says that Orpen "never painted a bad picture," for in his last years (and that perhaps is the excuse) we have seen canvases of his to which no other adjective could be applied. But, considering his output, and the limits which exigency imposed on his imagination, his standard was maintained at a singularly high level.

This was the result, not only of inborn talent, but of an indefatigable study of his craft. He was not, in the ordinary sense, a widely cultured man. He had a very respectable literary gift, as he showed by several publications; there is individuality and force in the *vers libres* which he threw off from time to time. Some of them are reproduced in this volume. But from the age of thirteen his education was almost entirely in art. He did not care to talk the usual esoteric jargon of the studios: indeed, he seldom cared, so say his friends, to talk seriously at all. A flippant tomboyishness was his defence against over-intense persons, who bored him by the solemnity of their pretensions; but under this pseudo-Philistinism there was profound study and knowledge of his business in life. As a young man, he explored every nook and cranny of pictorial

art, and learned to understand it not only analytically but historically. He seldom criticised any of his fellow-workers, but he was impatient of the slovenliness which he found to be all too common among them. "What is wrong with them all," he said, "is that they have no conscience. They think portrait painting is an easy job. And, believe me, it is not! It is hard work, terribly hard work. But these people are too lazy. They are too lazy to use their eyes; they don't observe, and what they do see they only see superficially; and what is seen superficially will inevitably be painted superficially." In support of his thesis, he asked: "Is there a single one among the younger men who in his paintings shows that he knows the form and construction of the human eye? If there is, I have not come across him."

In many respects Orpen's career was totally different from that which we are accustomed to associate with the artist. There are many things in his life which prepare us for—indeed, make us almost certain of—the concurrent testimony of these two friends, that, in spite of his ceaseless energy and his great success, he was not a happy man.

All came too easily to him. There was never any struggle, never any of that travail without which the greatest works of art seem unable to come to life. From the earliest years he was relieved even of material anxieties, and before he was thirty he had an assured position and a future which could be predicted with the utmost certainty. He came, he was seen, and he conquered.

Nor was there, in the deepest sense, any development in the scope of his genius. At the age of twenty-one, he painted a picture—the well-known "Hamlet"—which, though plainly imitative, was astonishing in its grasp and maturity. Referring to a sketch-book of 1895, Mr. Konody writes: "So far as drawing was concerned, Orpen had nothing to learn at the age of seventeen. Albrecht Dürer himself could not have surpassed the perfection of that page with the blackberry-branch." In one sense, this is a high tribute to immanent genius. In another sense, it is one of the most melancholy things which could be said of any artist. It is a positive disaster for a craftsman that in his teens he should have nothing more to learn about his craft; and it accounts for the fact that in Orpen's work we do not find a progressive expansion of scope and imagination, but rather an increasingly ingenious, experimental use of a technique which, almost from the first, was a perfect instrument to play upon.

Orpen also suffered from the fact that his vitality was too highly concentrated in one form of activity. He appears to have had few interests outside his art, and to have lived in the same kind of insulated preoccupation as Mr. Sherlock Holmes, who was totally indifferent whether the earth went round the sun or the sun round the earth. This absorption is not uncommon in artists: it was a



"SEEING HIMSELF AS OTHERS SEE HIM": A GRIM CARTOON OF THE KAISER BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN IN A LETTER TO ROBIN LEGGE.

"There is the evidence of his Illustrated Peace Conference letters to his friend Robin Legge to show that he shared the popular view of the Kaiser as a bloodthirsty ogre."

characteristic, for example, of John Sargent; but Sargent had, in music, a second art, and Orpen seems to have lacked any similar subsidiary outlet for his sense of beauty. "As I recall him," says Mr. Dark, "it is clear in my mind how very little he was interested in the usual by-products of a man's life." Man cannot live by products alone; he needs by-products also for what Aristotle called the full life.

The result of easy success is that he who achieves it rates life and its complexities somewhat cheaply. In Orpen we see another illustration of the truth that nothing is worth attaining but the unattainable. With all his success, with all the satisfaction which he must have derived from his superabundant creative power, he missed something in life. It is the old, old story—"success was a Dead Sea apple in his mouth. As I understood him, Orpen was a man who wanted something from life with all the intensity of his vivid personality. I do not believe that he ever quite knew what that something was, but, whatever it was, I am quite sure that he never found it." He took refuge in intense, almost feverish, work. It is greatly to his credit that he never relaxed occupation or effort, when it would have been easy for him to live on his reputation. But one learns to suspect something wrong in the man who voluntarily works to the exclusion of all else; for, as Mr. Dark truly observes, some men work in order to escape from life.



"My dear Lordship. This is card. I have not the pleasure of seeing you tomorrow to thank you for the most delicious lunch. I'm sorry about the above drawing; the ink ran over your face or something—I hope you have a good journey back—I have written to Dark about the photographs. With love, Orps."

9th November 1920 Paris.

AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER TO LORD RIDDELL: ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF SIR WILLIAM ORPEN'S HABIT OF PICTORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The letter itself reads: "My dear Lordship. This in case I have not the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow to thank you for the most excellent lunch. I'm sorry about the above drawing; the ink ran over your face or something—I hope you have a good journey back—I have written to Dark about the photographs. With love, Orps. 9th November, 1920, Paris."

Illustrations reproduced from "Sir William Orpen: Artist and Man." By P. G. Konody and Sidney Dark. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley Service and Co.

Orpen also took refuge in an attitude of what may be called defensive levity. Like many another boisterous jester, he had little real mirth in his heart. To him the cardinal sin was to take life and oneself and one's art too seriously. In 1927 he wrote: "Every child should be taught to conjugate the verb: 'I am a joke, thou art a joke, he is a joke; we are jokes, you are jokes, they are jokes.' The struggling man is a joke, the successful man is a far greater joke. The world is a joke, a joke of tremendous significance, and the laughter is no less defensible and indeed no less necessary because there are also occasions for tears and for sighs." There is unmistakable bitterness under these words. The jocular view of life accounts for the powerful strain of satire which is so frequently apparent in Orpen's work. In his pieces of pure fantasy, it has free play: in his portraits it is, we often feel, deliberately and with difficulty restrained; and every now and then it refuses to be restrained. There are several reverend, grave, and potent signiors—let us name no unnecessary names—who must smart from the degree of arrogance or pomposity which Orpen subtly expressed in their portraits.

This mood was profoundly accentuated, in Mr. Dark's opinion, by war experiences. It was a strange and hideous world in which he found himself. He has been accused of viewing the war heartlessly, but Mr. Konody reads him better than that. He did not fight, but he saw the incidents of war, both the horrible and the picturesque, with an eye trained to see beneath the surface; and the resulting mood seems to have been one of resigned disgust. The spurious "glory" of war was even more odious to him than its brutality; and when he came to paint the great emblematic picture of "Victory," he rubbed out nine months' work on personified pomps and circumstances, and substituted a satire which deeply offended the sentimental. The post-war world, despite his feverish activity, only increased the ashen taste of the rosy apples which an ironic fate thrust upon him.

C. K. A.

* "Sir William Orpen: Artist and Man." By P. G. Konody and Sidney Dark. (Seeley Service and Co.; 25s. net.)

ORPEN DOMINANT IN THE R.A. EXHIBITION: A SYMBOLIC PICTURE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A., INCLUDED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION. BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER, MRS. ST. GEORGE.



"THE HOLY WELL," BY THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.: A PICTURE FOUNDED ON IRISH BELIEF IN THE PURIFYING POWER OF THE WATERS FROM CERTAIN SACRED SPRINGS.

This season's Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy, open to the public from January 7 to March 11 except on Sundays, is devoted, as is the custom every few years, to a representative collection of works by lately deceased members. The aim of these commemorative exhibitions, of which the last was held in 1928, is to show not only some of the artists' more famous pictures, but also good examples of their less-known works, including studies and sketches. In the present exhibition a large portion of the galleries is allotted to paintings and drawings by the late Sir William Orpen, R.A. Among them are portraits, war scenes, and subject pictures painted in Ireland and elsewhere. The above example of these latter is reproduced in the December number of "Apollo,"

with an article by Herbert Furst on the Orpen collection owned by Mrs. St. George, which includes this important work. "The 'Holy Well,'" Mr. Furst suggests, "illustrates an old Irish belief in the purifying powers of the waters of certain holy wells." The picture is also reproduced in the biography of Sir William Orpen (reviewed on the opposite page) by P. C. Konody and Sidney Dark, with the following comment: "Orpen painted in 1916 the 'Nude Pattern—Holy Well, Ireland,' a fascinating, whimsical, somewhat scattered design of men and women—some of them amusingly reminiscent of Rodin—in every stage of complete or partial *déshabille*, gathered around the miraculous spring." . . . The original picture measures 8½ ft. high by 7 ft. wide.

A CASANOVA MYSTERY: THE QUESTION OF THE "LIBRARIAN'S" BURIAL-PLACE.

FAMOUS, or notorious, Casanova remains the typical adventurer, amorous or otherwise. His Memoirs are read for the brilliant picture they present of the life of his time and for the disarming frankness with which he reveals his own rogueries and shortcomings. They close abruptly and give no hint of how he ended his days. In 1785 Count Waldstein, an old Paris acquaintance, appointed him librarian at the Castle of Dux, in Bohemia. In this obscure corner he was hardly happy! Count Waldstein's dependants persecuted him; they found it insufferable that the old man should lay down the law, and the malicious ones saw in him still a corrupter of youth. There was little

yard, as of so many near churches, every trace has disappeared. In its place there is now a public garden. Some pious souls, however, took the trouble to set up a stone tablet, of the very simplest, on the right side of the portico, to the memory of "Jakob" Casanova. But in 1922, at the conclusion of some works in the park of the castle, another stone was brought to light with the inscription: "Casanova—Mdcclxxxix." Beneath, nothing was found which could be taken as the remains of the adventurer. Bernhard Marr, a manufacturer of Dux, who had consecrated several hours a day to arranging and going through the "Casanoviana" which were to be found in the Castle of the Waldsteins,



THE MYSTERY OF CASANOVA'S BURIAL-PLACE: A GRAVESTONE, DUG UP IN THE CASTLE PARK AT DUX (BOHEMIA), BEARING THE LEGEND, "CASANOVA MDCCLXXXIX"—THOUGH THE GREAT ADVENTURER IS GENERALLY SUPPOSED TO HAVE DIED IN 1798.

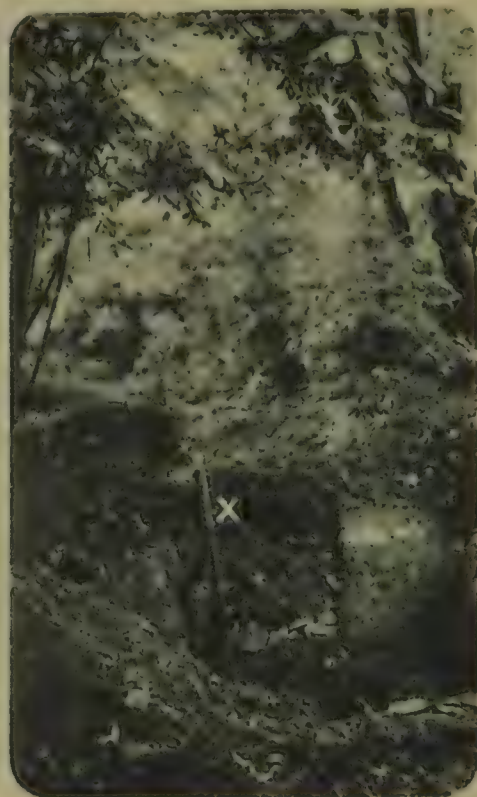
distraction for him in his solitude there, save an occasional visit to Dresden. On the 4th of June, 1798, it is generally supposed that the eyes that had seen so much closed for ever. But where was Casanova buried? He had manifested a desire that his remains might lie in a corner of the park at Dux, where he had buried a greyhound whose death he had bitterly lamented; and that a stone should mark his tomb. On the other hand, the laws forbidding burial outside a churchyard were very strict. In all probability, Casanova's body was laid in the cemetery of the little church of Santa Barbara. The story goes that an iron cross was set up on his tomb. But of this grave-



THE CHURCH WHERE CASANOVA WAS FOR LONG SUPPOSED TO BE BURIED: S. BARBARA'S, DUX; SHOWING HIS MEMORIAL TABLET ON THE RIGHT OF THE DOOR.



THE MEMORIAL TO CASANOVA AT S. BARBARA'S, DUX: A TABLET RECORDING HIS DEATH IN 1798, AND SO, PRESUMABLY, INDICATING HIS BURIAL NEAR BY.



THE SPOT AT WHICH CASANOVA'S TOMBSTONE WAS RECENTLY FOUND IN THE PARK OF THE CASTLE AT DUX: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING (X) THE POSITION OF THE GRAVESTONE, WHICH WAS FOUND LYING ON ITS BACK.

made every sort of research, but in vain. Complete mystery still veils the question of the whereabouts of Casanova's bones; all the more so, since it is difficult to reconcile the discrepancy between the dates given by the two pieces of reliable evidence on his death. Does this discrepancy indicate that the remains of Casanova were moved a year after his death? An ingenious theory has been advanced that Count Waldstein, returning to Dux, wished to set up in honour of his librarian the tomb that he had desired in a corner of the park. Perhaps some day information will come to light on this obscure question; nothing, however, can alter the fact of that sad anti-climax—the great adventurer's closing years.



THE CASTLE OF THE COUNTS WALDSTEIN AT DUX, IN NORTHERN BOHEMIA: THE OBSCURE CORNER WHERE CASANOVA PASSED THE LAST UNEVENTFUL AND INGLORIOUS YEARS OF HIS LIFE—AS LIBRARIAN.



A ROOM IN WHICH CASANOVA LIVED, IN THE WALDSTEIN CASTLE AT DUX: POSSIBLY THE VERY CHAMBER IN WHICH THE AGED ADVENTURER ARRANGED HIS NOTES AND LETTERS, AND WROTE THE FAMOUS MEMOIRS.

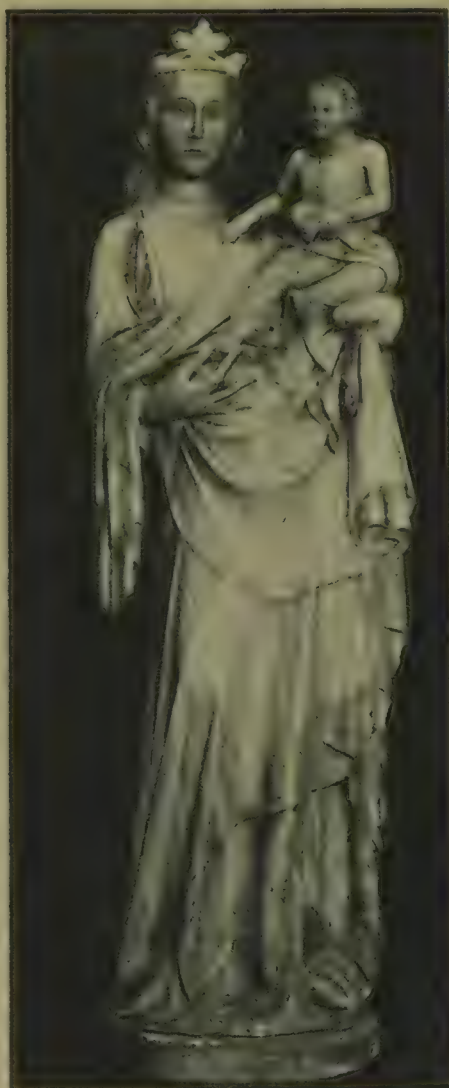
SOME FAMOUS ART TREASURES THAT LATELY CHANGED OWNERS.



A GOTHIC ALTAR-PIECE BY PERE SERRA (END OF FOURTEENTH CENTURY): FROM A GREAT COLLECTION ACQUIRED FOR BARCELONA.

The three upper illustrations show examples of mediæval Catalan art from the famous Plandiura Collection, which has recently been bought, for 7,000,000 pesetas, by the autonomous

(Continued in centre.



A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY "MADONNA," IN POLYCHROMIC ALABASTER, FROM SALENT DE SANAHUJA, ACQUIRED FOR BARCELONA.

Government of Catalonia and the Municipal Council of Barcelona for the Museum of that city (the Catalan capital). By this great acquisition the Barcelona Museum, it is claimed,

(Continued above on right.

MEMORABLE NEW ACQUISITIONS IN NATIONAL OR PRIVATE HANDS.



A TWELFTH-CENTURY ROMANIC MURAL PAINTING FROM SANT PERE DEL BURGALL, CATALONIA: ANOTHER ACQUISITION FOR BARCELONA.

becomes one of the most important in Europe. The collection might have fetched more on the international market, but Spain forbids export of antique works of art.

"THE MADONNA AND CHILD," A TONDO FROM THE WORKSHOP OF MINO DA FIESOLE (1431-1484): A TREASURE ACQUIRED FOR NEW YORK.

This beautiful example of fifteenth-century Italian sculpture (shown on the right) has recently been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. It was formerly in the collection of the late Mr. Theodore M. Davis. The work recalls in composition a charming tondo by Mino da Fiesole himself in the Museo Nazionale at Florence, and another in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin.



A MARBLE RELIEF BY DONATELLO—"THE MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ANGELS MAKING MUSIC": AN ART TREASURE FOR VIENNA.

On the left we illustrate a marble relief by the great Florentine sculptor, Donatello (circa 1386-1466) showing the Madonna (singing) and Child with two angels making music. It is described as "the second most valuable art treasure in the remarkable Benda Collection bequeathed to the Vienna Kunst Historisches Museum by the late Gustav Benda, never to be sold and here photographed for the first time."



THE COLLECTOR OF THE "NUCLEUS" OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY: "JOHN JULIUS ANGERSTEIN"—A PORTRAIT BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A., SOLD IN AMERICA.

This portrait has recently been acquired by a prominent collector of Cincinnati, Ohio, from the Newhouse Galleries, of New York and St. Louis. John Julius Angerstein's collection of Old Masters and other pictures was bought by the British Government, in 1824, for £60,000, and formed the nucleus of the National Gallery.



A TERRA-COTTA STATUETTE REPRODUCING, IN LITTLE, THE FAMOUS "DIADOUMENOS" OF POLYKLEITOS: A TREASURE FOR NEW YORK.

The above terra-cotta statuette, dating probably from the first half of the first century B.C., is a reproduction, slightly less than a quarter life-size, of one of the most celebrated statues of antiquity—the "Diadoumenos" of Polykleitos, the great Argive sculptor, made about 425 B.C. The "Diadoumenos" is so named as representing

(Continued opposite.



DETAIL OF THE "DIADOUMENOS" STATUETTE SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPHS: A PROFILE VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL HEAD.



THE BACK OF THE "DIADOUMENOS" STATUETTE: A COPY, ON A REDUCED SCALE, OF A GREEK MASTERPIECE OF ABOUT 425 B.C.

a youth "binding round" a fillet on his own head. Pliny records that the original statue fetched 100 talents, in Roman or late Greek times. The statuette has for some ten years been on loan in the Louvre. It was recently acquired (with the "Madonna" shown above on the left) by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, by whose courtesy we give the photographs.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

URN TABLES AND SUCH-LIKE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

the basin is extremely small. Water-bottle and basin are, it should be pointed out, contemporary Chinese, which adds to the interest of this unusual piece. Date—somewhere about 1790.

Now, this three-tiered washstand has its counterpart in various three-tiered tea-tables of the period: the similarity is obvious, and from such examples to the modern afternoon tea-table and to the useful dinner-wagon on wheels is but a short step. The latter contrivance is so convenient that one is surprised it was never thought of a hundred and fifty years ago. The nearest one gets to it is the small Sheraton-type table which sometimes, if rarely, was mounted on wheels; but as far as I know this was by no means a general fashion—and with reason, for solidity in so small a thing used for such a purpose was the first essential. None the less, I have seen one or two whose wheels seemed to be contemporary and not added later.

In the ordinary way, however, these tables were set four-square and solid on their legs, either with or without stretchers. The more downright sort is to be seen to advantage in Fig. 3—fretted, triple-legged—or, rather, with each leg in triplicate—with nicely curved and pierced supporting stretchers sweeping inwards to a knob—the whole in the manner of Chippendale, and to be dated presumably about 1770. A not dissimilar but somewhat more graceful example is to be seen in Fig. 4, with a nice fretted rail and no stretchers—the type often called a silver table: be careful, by the way, about the rail of such a piece—it is often a later addition. Look at Fig. 1

and is strengthened by a typical Sheraton type of curved stretcher. Upon it is its original tea-caddy, and beneath a little slide on which cup and saucer could be set, instead of a fixed place for them. The height and character of this stretcher can profitably be compared with that of Fig. 3—it is of the same family, but speaks a different language, as, indeed, does the whole structure.

The polite world has always been avid for novelty; it has on many occasions spent its money on the incongruous, the sensational, the absurd, and the frankly fantastic, and will no doubt continue to do so. In course of time the rubbish has disappeared and the good things have survived. What has this to do with the subject in hand? Merely that I have just been accused of looking with an indulgent eye upon various modern attempts at producing well-made pieces of furniture which do not slavishly follow tradition. It is just as well, in looking at these old tables, to remember that once they also were new-fangled. We are so familiar with their distinctive shapes that it is easy to forget that when they first appeared in a show-room quite a number of bewigged gentlemen must have experienced a disagreeable shock, and walked out bewailing the good old times when cabinet-makers knew how to produce a comely and solid article of furniture.

Is it superfluous to point out that a particular style gained favour eventually, not because it copied what was then the antique, but because it possessed its own particular convenience and comeliness? If such was the case then, it is equally so to-day, and we may reasonably anticipate that some at least of the austere fashions of this present decade will fetch high prices at Christie's a century hence, provided, of course, that they exhibit qualities of craftsmanship of an equally high order. This is not decrying the achievements of the past, but looking at them in a proper perspective; indeed, it is doing more than that—it is actually setting them on a pedestal as precious survivals which can never be reproduced because the age in which they first appeared cannot return. Yet, in spite of that—or is it for that very reason?—how uncommonly well they look in a modern house, as long as the decorations of that house have the restraint which is characteristic of most pleasant things! Their survival after so long is well-deserved.



I SUPPOSE Urn Table is as good a name as anything for the small table with four legs which was produced in great variety in the last half of the eighteenth century, though it can be used, and no doubt was used, for other purposes. If you want to be very scientific, you

are welcome to restrict the term to those examples which have a nearly semi-circular curve in front to take a cup and saucer while the urn, kettle, or what-not is being emptied, like Fig. 1, or a little slide as in Fig. 5; but in general it is reasonable to call all these small and useful pieces by this name. It so happens that, while I was looking about for illustrations to this article, I came across the very unusual washstand of Fig. 2, and make no apology for dragging it in, because it has something in common with purely drawing-room pieces, and is, besides, uncommonly rare.

1. A MAHOGANY CHIPPENDALE URN TABLE WITH A SHAPED FRONT TO TAKE A CUP AND SAUCER: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE URN IN PLACE.

Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Stuart and Turner, Ltd.

I have before now remarked upon the lamentable fact that our ancestors were, to put it mildly, not over-enamoured of soap and water, and that their washing arrangements were, to our eyes, inadequate. We probably give them less credit than we ought, because bed-room furniture was not often constructed with a view to long life and not much of it has survived: one gets the impression that people took great pains and spent a good deal of money in buying fine pieces for their reception-rooms, but allowed economy full play upstairs. Occasionally, however, one does find a piece, such as this washstand, of which any cabinet-maker might be proud. You may or may not like the sweeping curves of the legs, but you will not be able to deny that here is an example of considerable distinction, into which have gone much thought and very great skill. At the same time, it seems to illustrate extremely well what has already been pointed out—that washing was a perfunctory affair at the best, even in a household which had the taste and the means to buy so charming a table; for



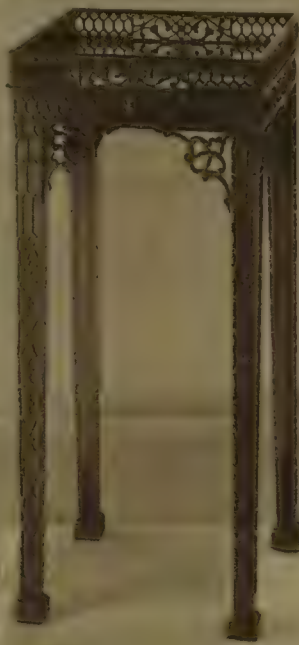
2. A PIECE OF FURNITURE CONSTRUCTIONALLY AKIN TO THE URN TABLE: A WASHSTAND OF ABOUT 1790; WITH A CONTEMPORARY CHINESE BOWL AND WATER-BOTTLE.

Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Mallett and Son, New Bond Street.



3. A MAHOGANY URN TABLE OF ABOUT 1770: A PIECE IN THE CHIPPENDALE STYLE; WITH TRIPLE LEGS THAT GIVE A HINT OF "GOTHIC" INFLUENCE, AND FRETTED SIDES AND STRETCHER.

Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Mallett and Son, New Bond Street.



4. AN URN TABLE, STURDY IN CONSTRUCTION, BUT COPIOUSLY ORNAMENTED: CHIPPENDALE OF ABOUT 1770.

Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Mallett and Son, New Bond Street.

again—a much more simple affair, plain legs, plain stretchers, but a curved top made, of course, specially for its purpose—a rare feature. This is also of about the same date, and its comparative simplicity should be compared with the extreme elegance of the satinwood table of about twenty-five years later illustrated in Fig. 5. This tapers upwards very slightly,



5. AN INLAID SATINWOOD URN TABLE, SLENDER IN CONSTRUCTION AND RESTRAINED AS REGARDS ORNAMENT: A PIECE WHICH HAS A SPECIAL SLIDE IN THE FRONT TO TAKE THE CUP AND SAUCER WHILE THE TEA WAS POURED OUT FROM THE URN. (C. 1795.)

On the table is a tea-caddy of the same date. Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Harris and Sons, New Oxford Street.

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By FRED. J. MELVILLE.



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THERE is a very noticeable tendency among British Colonial Administrations to get away from the old-fashioned and rather monotonous key-plate designs for stamps. They were economical so far as cost of manu-



THE BECHUANALAND
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Great Britain simply overprinted with the name of the Protectorate. This had little to recommend it save as a

cheap expedient, and the authorities have now come to the frank conclusion to spend more in the hope of selling more to collectors, and incidentally advertising to the world a great cattle-rearing country. The upper half of the design carries the King's head medallion, crown, and denomination, while the lower part is occupied by a pastoral scene representing the chief industry. There are twelve values: ½d. green, 1d. red, 2d. brown, 3d. blue, 4d. orange, 6d. mauve, 1s. black and olive, 2s. black and orange, 2s. 6d. black and carmine, 3s. black and mauve, 5s. black and blue, 10s. black and red-brown.



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separated by a palm-tree. The twelve denominations are ½d. yellow-brown, ½d. green, 1d. rose, 1½d. orange, 2d. grey, 2½d. ultramarine, 3d. sage-green, 6d. mauve, 1s. brown and grey, 2s. blue and grey, 5s. green and grey, and 10s. carmine and grey.

It is a little difficult to keep pace with Lithuania in her pride of race and prodigality of stamp issues. Six historical scenes are spread over a new series of eight new triangular air-mail stamps. The scenes would take too long to describe in detail; they range over incidents in Lithuanian history during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and celebrate the gallant deeds of Grand-Dukes Mindaugas, Gedeminas, and Algirdas.

A neat little design on five new Luxemburg stamps printed by photogravure introduces us to the Duchess Ermesinde, a charitable and noble lady of the early thirteenth century. The stamps in this design are 10 centimes olive-brown, 75c. purple, 1 franc scarlet, 1½f. red-brown, and 1¾f. blue.



NORWAY: THE
BJÖRNSEN
CENTENARY RE-
CORDED ON A
NEW STAMP.

Hygeia, the goddess of health, sun-bathing on a pedestal, is the appropriate symbol on the annual Health stamp from New Zealand. It is an entirely local production; designed by Messrs. Gooch and Tripe of Wellington, engraved and printed at the New Zealand Government Printing Office in the same city. It is printed in intaglio, in red, in sheets of sixty, and is superior to previous local productions.

Norway, celebrating the centenary of the birth of her national poet, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, has placed his portrait on a short set of stamps similar to the Henrik Ibsen series of 1928. The four values are 10 öre green, 15 öre sepia, 20 öre carmine, and 30 öre blue.

A new type of air-mail stamp has appeared in Rumania, with a very effective picture of an aviator reproduced by photogravure. I have received the 1 lei sepia and the 2 lei ultramarine in this type. There is also a new set of four air-mail stamps from Salvador, marking the centenary of the death of José Matias Delgado, a statesman of the independence period. The stamps are large local productions, showing the portrait in a frame of wings.



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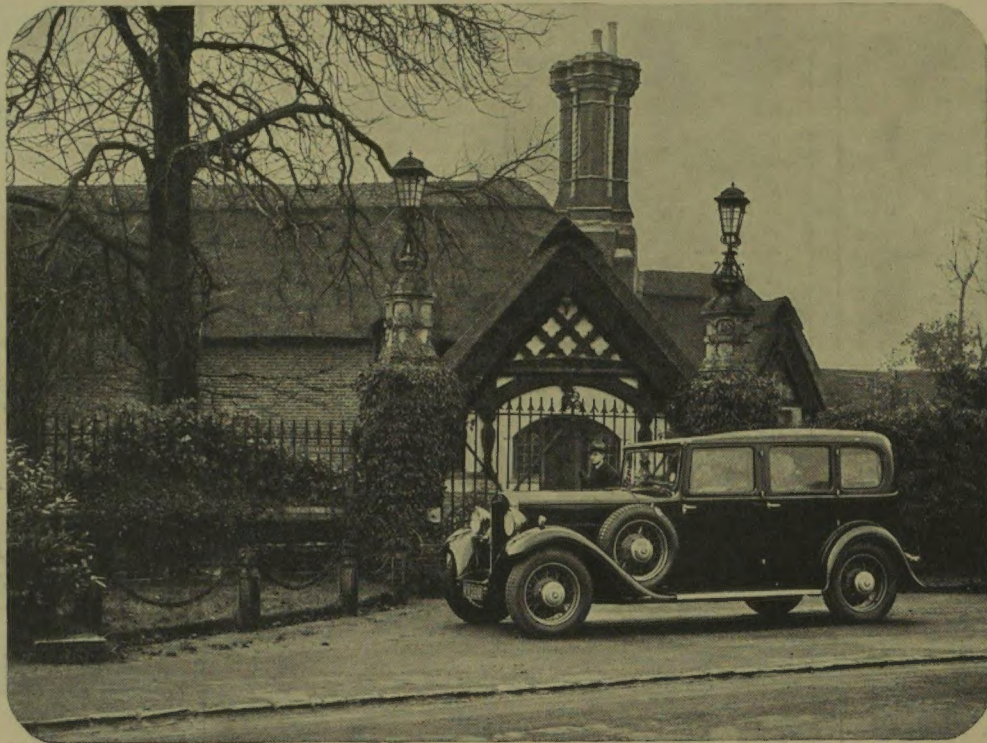
BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THE value of motor exports from the British Isles shows an increase during the year 1932 totalling over £6,000,000, remarked Lieut.-Col. J. A. Cole, O.B.E., when he presided at the twenty-fourth annual general meeting of Humber, Ltd., at Coventry recently. He also stated that the products of the company were now being sold in countries where even a year ago there appeared to be no hope of selling British cars. Yet I am sure that any motorist who has ridden in the latest Humber models will find at once the reason for this increase in the sales abroad of British motors. The new 16-60-h.p. Humber saloon is an excellent carriage for travel tours in any part of the world. I tested it recently in a 100-miles' run over all types of British roads, and cart-tracks across fields, in the most treacherous of all road weather conditions—wet surfaces with frost underneath. Whether travelling at high or low speeds, this 16-60-h.p. Humber never gave me a moment's anxiety for myself or my passengers, as it held to the road like the proverbial leech at corners and bends, as well as on flat, level highways. Moreover, to prove how tricky were the surfaces of both main and subsidiary roads, this 16-60-h.p. Humber saloon made higher speeds travelling up hills than it was possible to attain on their descent. Thus I reached a maximum of 70 miles an hour, with still a bit of power in hand, climbing the hillside between Nettlebed and Benson en route to Oxford; while returning down this 1-in-17 descent the possible maximum speed was 64 miles an hour, and there was no head-wind to any extent. One obtained better wheel-grip climbing hills at high speed than going down them, which is the explanation of this paradox.

Synchro-Mesh Twin-Top Gears. Synchro-mesh twin-top gears make gear-changing simple to the driver of the new 16-60-h.p. Humber saloon, and its four-speed (forward) gear-box runs quietly on all its ratios. It is only under

exceptional circumstances that the low first-speed ratio is required to be used, as under normal conditions of touring in Great Britain one starts this car from rest in its "second" and, as soon as it gets to ten or fifteen miles an hour, goes through the "gate" into the third speed. Third to top gear is a matter of merely de-clutching and pulling the gear-lever towards the driver, when in the "silent third" or "twin-top" ratio. In changing down from top to third, one need only push the gear-lever away with merely slipping

the 8½-in. clearance fully sufficed to avoid trouble in the deep cart-ruts. In fact, the 16-60-h.p. Humber is a capital car for cross-country work. Rated actually at 16.95 h.p., this six-cylinder side-valve engine is more flexible and develops greater power than last year's model, which it has displaced. The practical result of this improvement is better acceleration, less gear-changing, and an excellent reserve of power which permits the driver to put up a high road average speed of about 40 miles an hour if required, allowing for passing through busy streets with heavy traffic in towns and villages, and not taking any risks in the open country to make up time for such necessary slowing down.



A VERY ELEGANT CAR: THE LATEST 16-60-H.P. HUMBER, WHICH HAS A SIX-CYLINDER ENGINE OF 17 H.P.

This car, with a saloon body, as here illustrated, costs the most moderate sum of £435.

the clutch, and, as the ratios are comparatively close, it is not necessary to "rev" up the engine highly in the double de-clutching and changing down from third to second speed. Consequently, women will find this 16-60-h.p. Humber very comfortable to handle under all conditions of rough country, and on smooth roads hardly ever need trouble to change down below the third speed after starting from rest. I used the first speed to drive through water as a precautionary measure, but found that the "third"-gear ratio was not too high to crawl along a narrow cart-track, and

reflection of the arm in the front screen it was difficult to know whether the signal was working. I should have liked a visible tell-tale in front of the driver for these. Perhaps this is an improvement which will be added later on. This Humber saloon is a most pleasant carriage to ride in, as the springing is particularly well adjusted for the passenger's comfort in either front or rear seats, and the cushions fit comfortably to the figure of the occupant.—Our photograph illustrates its elegance and capacity.

The price of this 16-60-h.p. Humber

saloon is only £435, yet in appearance one would think it would cost nearly double that amount, on account of its well-fitted coachwork. The equipment includes electrically operated direction-indicators, snugly hidden in the central door pillars when not wanted in use. These arms are illuminated, and the control is fitted on the dashboard within easy reach of the hand of the driver. It is only necessary to push a finger lever to the right or left to make the corresponding arm appear from the pillar and indicate the change of direction which the car is about to take. These illuminated arms can be seen very well by traffic both following and ahead of the car. In using them I found other drivers made no doubt of understanding and heeding the signals, but if one did not see a re-

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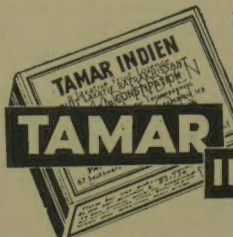
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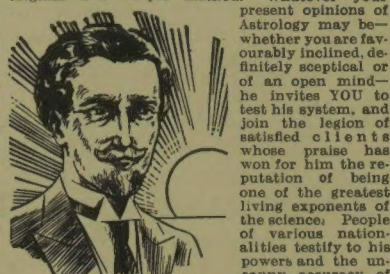
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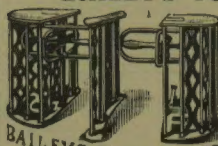
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